FUNNIEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

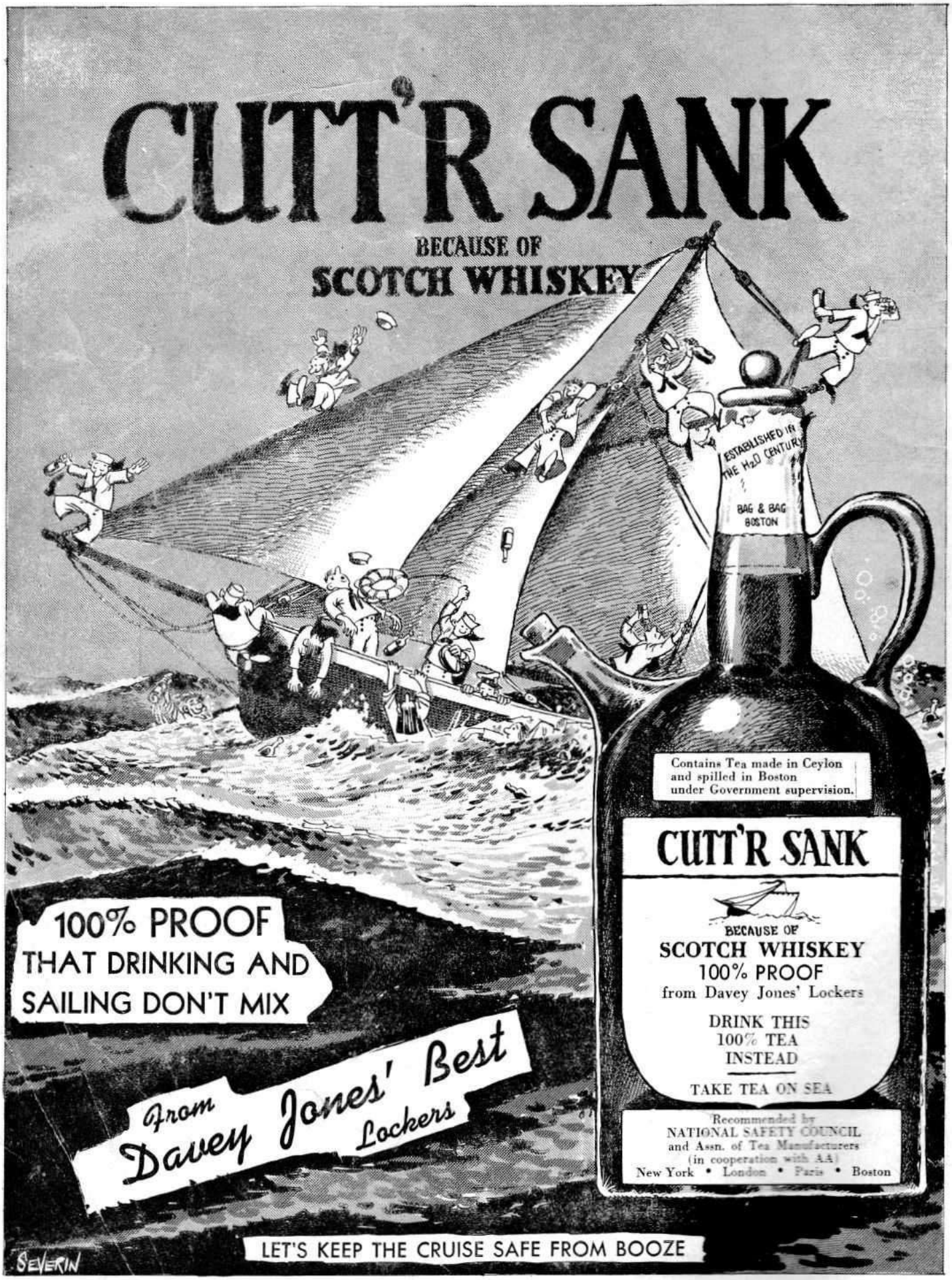
CRACKED

MAGAZINE

NOV. 25¢

WE NEED NEW QUARTERS

*So cough up


CUTT'R SANK
BECAUSE OF
SCOTCH WHISKEY
ESTABLISHED IN THE H2O CENTURY
BAG & BAG BOSTON
Contains Tea made in Ceylon and spilled in Boston under Government supervision.
CUTT'R SANK
BECAUSE OF
SCOTCH WHISKEY
100% PROOF
from Davey Jones' Lockers
DRINK THIS 100% TEA INSTEAD
TAKE TEA ON SEA
Recommended by NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL and Assn. of Tea Manufacturers (in cooperation with AA)
New York • London • Paris • Boston
100% PROOF THAT DRINKING AND SAILING DON'T MIX
From Davey Jones' Best Lockers
LET'S KEEP THE CRUISE SAFE FROM BOOZE
SEVERIN

CRACKED

No. 22 NOV. 1961

PUBLISHER: Robert C. Sproul **EDITOR: Paul Laikin**

PRODUCTION: Charles Foster

ARTISTS: John Severin, Laino, Vic Martin, Le Poer, Bernard Baily, Bill McCartney, Stuart Sloves, Don Swanson.

JANITOR: Sylvester P. Smythe

WRITTEN BY: Paul Laikin (and a flock of other illiterates)

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ABOUT THE COVER

The front cover plainly shows that Cracked is determined to get ahead. But it mainly shows that artist John Severin can certainly use one. On it you can see Sylvester, our janitor, fighting to bring Cracked to the top. Inside the book you will see pages by artists fighting to bring Cracked to the bottom.

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DIS-CONTENTS

RUSSIAN ADS 6

A group of advertisements showing Russia's grey-flannel boys at work—and created by a group of writers showing America's straight-jacket boys at work.

NEIGHBORHOOD CONTIDENTIAL 11

A magazine in which all the secrets in the neighborhood are brought out into the open—all the secrets except where to buy the magazine in the first place.

YOU CAN BE AN OPTIMIST 32

An easy guide on how you too can be an optimist when you come face to face with horrifying situations—like mainly the illustrations in this article.

IF POETS READ CRACKED 22

An article which shows you what might have happened if the different poets had read Cracked—and also if the different artists had correctly read the script.

MAKE AN ART OF YOUR JOB 18

A feature which plainly shows you how to make an art of your job—but mainly shows you what a job it was to make an art of the whole ridiculous article.

INSTANT LIVING 29

A preview of what may happen if our lives keep moving as fast as they do—and what may also happen if our artists keep moving as slow as they do.

LETTERS

Paul Laikin is one of the world's most beloved wonders. But we all make mistakes, as in your July issue, which somehow I was reading last May. Anyway, you goofed or something. First in the Dis-Contents under "Lose Weight By Exercising" you printed a portion of "Cracked Sympathy Cards." A little bit lower you printed "The Face Upon The Floor" as Sylvester P. Smythe's. Actually Sylvester's picture was from an advertisement on page 24. Thirdly, you printed a bit of "Undeliverable U.S. Mail" as a part of "Handwriting Analysis."

SHAWN DAN SMITH
MORTON, ILL.

We made another mistake—we printed this letter!

Are Laikin and Severin trying to get government jobs or something? You o' to be tried for treason after those offs on Eisenhower and Nixon!

TERRY WILSON
OIL CITY, PA.

Not as long as the Democrats are in power!

I hear that John Severin has seven children now. Is that correct?

ELLEN WAIL
RIDGEFIELD, N. J.

That's about the size of it.

I have a friend who is kinda sick in the head from reading Cracked. So I have to hit him in the head to wise him up, but this is kinda hard on my hand. What can I do about him?

LEWIS DAVIS
PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Try banging both of your heads together!

. . . what masterpiece has John Severin been working on?

BOB BATTLE
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

See for yourself on the inside back cover.

I cut out the "Cracked Certificate" worth sixteen-million dollars in the April issue. I cashed in the one-million dollar certificate at the City Rubbish Disposal Department. I used the rubbish in good faith. I am now the proud owner of the "You'll Be Sorry" Cafe. Then I liked my successful investment so much that I stole another Cracked magazine. I cut out the one-million dollar certificate again. I cashed it in at the Book Store. I received my one-million dollars worth of pure trash (namely Cracked magazines.) I thank you.

SAM BROWN
COLONA, ILL.

Either you're a real cut-up—or some kind of a nut!

I find your magazine quite superfluous, but for a quarter—who can go wrong? You must have a talented staff, which reminds me—what do you fellows do for a living?

TERRY OPPER
CANTON, ILL.

Sell magazines to people who can't go wrong for a quarter!

In the July issue of Cracked you had an article called "Undeliverable U.S. Mail." The letter addressed to Mr. H. MacMillian couldn't have been mailed anyway, you clods! The Post Offices are closed on January 1st, if you haven't heard!

GEORGE KAYWOOD, JR.
SOUTHFIELDS, N. Y.

You shoulda mailed this letter THEN!

Enclosed you will find my versions of those Do-It-Yourself Cartoons. I think they're rather clever. I have great talent for this kind of work, namely I'm nuts! Your magazine is ridiculous but I like it!

LARRY CHEVALIER
ONTARIO, CANADA

Your cartoons are ridiculous but we like YOU!

Who is this guy on your art staff named Le Poer?

LE RICHE
HOBOKEN, N. J.

LE SHADDUP!

Down here in this beautiful part of the Union we're really "from hunger." I'm hoping you'll not only accept my idea of a cartoon, but be kind enough to reimburse me in some small measure. Any donation cheerfully accepted. Tanks! Now here's my idea. . .

MRS. Y. ALPONTIS
THE DEEP SOUTH

Now here's our idea—MOVE UP NORTH!

Paul Laikin is still tops in my book!

SYLVIA GOLD
SO. FALLSBURG, N. Y.

What's the name of your book?

I like Cracked because it has Snob Appeal. . .

DORA COHN
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We like your letter because it has MOB APPEAL!

A COPY OF MORE CRACKED IS YOUR BEST BET!

Mainly it will be nothing if you lose!

Don't gamble on an unknown product when for just 40c (35c plus 5c for handling) you can get a sure-fire winner in MO[illegible] America's newest pock-e[illegible]ation. It's the safest [illegible] make—mainly be-[illegible] to take it away

CRACKED
45 WEST 45TH STREET, N. Y. C.

I enclose 40c. Please rush pocket-size MORE CRACKED

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

ZONE.....STATE.....

. . . on the title page you list the writers as "Paul Laikin (and other eccentrics)." Who are these other eccentrics? And what articles did Betty Silon illustrate? I didn't notice her name on anything. . .

RICHARD WEINGROFF
BALTIMORE, MD.

The other eccentrics type up Paul Laikin's manuscripts—and Betty Silon illustrated the articles that were rejected and did not appear. So what else is new?

. . . I do not speak English but I can understand it. Please publish this letter so we can boast in the presence of our friends. . .

RICARDO ESPINOSA C.
MONTERREY, MEXICO

We do not UNDERSTAND Spanish but we can SPEAK it. Please translate YOUR letter so we can boast in the presence of OUR friends.

I enjoy your magazine a lot. Will you please have another "Draw Your Own Conclusion" in the next issue. I thought that was hilarious. . .

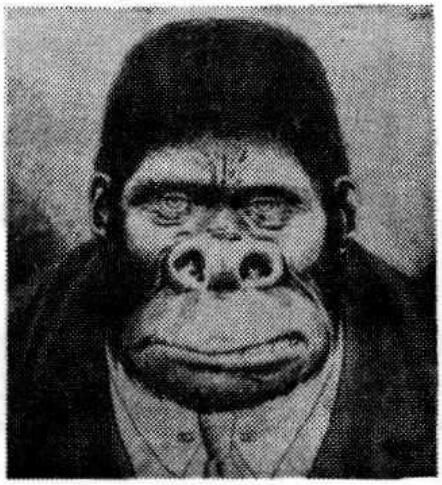
SANDY SHEKELL
BRIGHTON, MICH.

So YOU'RE the one! O.K., then, watch for it in a future issue.

THANKS to the many enthusiastic fans who sent in material for use in Cracked—but were judged not up to par (mainly they were judged too good for Cracked)—people like: Robert L. Skolmowski, Bob Battle, Shawn Dan Smith, Ted Simmons, H. B. Brous, Jr., Alexander Kerr, William T. Sheehan, Thomas E. Bundrick, Dejarnette Benson, Jr., Mrs. Barbara Shaffer, Earl Ireland and Ron Shank among the many hundreds. . . ALSO THANKS to people like Ellen Wail of Ridgefield, New Jersey, who recently started the 100th Cracked Fan Club in America. . . MAINLY THANKS to people like Robert C. Sproul, my publisher, without whose checks at the end of each week, this whole magazine might never be written.

PAUL LAIKIN

COMPLETED JIGSAW PUZZLE OF THE CRACKED EDITOR PAUL LAIKIN (See Our Last Issue)



We fooled ya! You thought he was gonna be ugly!

I've read every issue of Cracked and enjoy everything except some bad mistakes. Who was the clod who tried to write "The Face On The Floor" in your July issue? The real title is "The Face Upon The Barroom Floor" and the girl's name is "Nadeline" not "Madeline" and on Page 29 Verse 3 it's "proper place" not "right place". . .

SLIM LOUNSBURY
PORTLAND, ME.

Didn't you ever hear of poetic license?

. . . here in New Guinea we have perhaps the most primitive people in the world. One group, almost pygmies, seem to delight in sitting beside a jungle path loosing off arrows at any innocent passersby. They then carve off a suitable piece of the body and take it home to their admiring family . . . as a pilot I fly into these areas and hope that my shrunken head and horrible hands (which I just ordered from your Horror House) will gain a bit more respect for me from our indigenous friends!

W. SHERWOOD
GOROKA, NEW GUINEA

If they don't respect you—don't go to pieces over it!

THEY'RE STILL TALKING ABOUT THE FIRST CRACKED READER!!!

But we're gonna sell it anyway!

Yes, people everywhere are still talking about the first Cracked Pocket Book—but it's too late to take it off the stands! We're stuck with all them copies—so send 40c (35c plus 5c for handling) for your copy and take one off our hands. Now you too can have something to talk about.

CRACKED
45 WEST 45TH STREET, N. Y. C.

I enclose 40c. Please rush pocket-size CRACKED READER

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

ZONE.....STATE.....

In a recent article published in Pravda, Madison Avenue is denounced as the instrument of imperialistic bourgeois decadence. In the same issue, however several ads appear that duplicate our own grey flannel minds so closely as to suggest the somebody's stealing from somewhere. But since the Russians claim to have invented everything else, we figure they'll also take the blame for Cracked's English translations of some of the more popular . . .

RUSSIAN ADS

...along the Kremlin

SEVERIN-

IT'S FUN TO PHONE!

BULL

Your loved ones in slave camps will be glad to hear your voice. We even supply words for your conversations. Call to-day. Make some prisoner very happy.

Telephone System

DOES HE OR DOESN'T HE?

Beard color so natural only the secret police know for sure!

Don't report to your work camp every morning with a dull, dingy, unmanagable beard. Ask for MISS CLAIROLSK, imported directly from Smolensk. MISS CLAIROLSK blackens your beard and makes the hairs firm and sturdy.

BE THE ENVY OF YOUR FELLOW WORKERS

TRY Miss Clairolsk

USED BY LEADING REVOLUTIONARIES EVERYWHERE

"My borscht is Rheingolsk —the dry borscht!"

SAYS NATASHA KNOKITOFF
MISS RHEINGOLSK, 1903

It's borscht as borscht should be!

NEVER REFRESHING
—ALWAYS FILLING

Rheingolsk borscht is made from the Ukraine's finest beets, hand-picked by discriminating slave workers to give you fine mellow enjoyment. Hot or cold, treat yourself to a heaping glass of borscht today, but insist on Rheingolsk, the borscht that made Vladivostak famous.

I GO FOR A MAN WHO WEARS A COSSACK HAT

Yes—women go for the man with the COSSACK LOOK

The Finest Name in RUSSIAN HEADWEAR

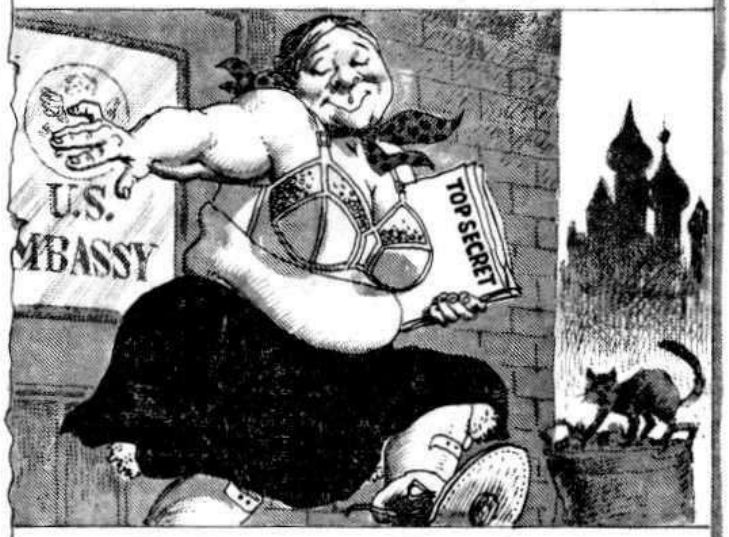
TAILOR MADE IN EXCLUSIVE SLAVE CAMPS

Improve your appearance. Hats come in colors to match your beard.

Insist on . . . COSSACK HATS

AT LEADING COSSACK STORES EVERYWHERE

I dreamed I smuggled out secrets in my marxianform bra



Made from the choicest Russian pre-revolution mohair, the sturdy elastic foundation makes it easy bending over in the fields.

ONE SIZE ONLY

At Leading Work Camps Everywhere

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

A HAMMER

A SICKLE

MILITARY SECRETS

CONSULT THE *RED PAGES* OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

TAKE TIME OUT FOR . . .

SMEAROFF'S VODKA

"The Purge That Refreshes"

The original Russian Vodka. Do not ask for cheap imperialistic brands. Insist on SMEAROFF's VODKA—in the RED bottle.

WARNING: DO NOT MIX WITH ORANGE JUICE

According to a Recent Police Survey

9 OUT OF EVERY 10

RUSSIAN MOVIE STARS USE

LOX SOAP

(The Other One Is Pictured Here)

see

GISELA MASHUGINOV

Starring in the Forthcoming Kremlin Picture

"ANNA AND THE KING OF LECHAIM"

Soon To Be Released
(Actors Have Yet To Be Released)

So try a LOX SOAP bath after a hard day's forced labor

BE FRESH FOR THAT NEXT MASS MEETING

FLY NKVD* TO SIBERIA

(ONE WAY)

ONLY 8600 RUBLES

PAY NOW—FLY LATER

STATE APPROVED PLANES

SPECIAL RATES FOR PROLETARIATS

SEE YOUR N K V D AGENT OR CALL
KHARKHOV 8-3400

(In New Kharkhov It's Bigelovski 3-6500)

NKVD lines (ONE WAY ONLY)

*Nikita Khrushev Vas Dere

"I never carry more than 50 rubles in cash with me"

says VLADIMIR KROKOVICH

POPULAR YOUNG SABOTEUR

DON'T BE ACCUSED OF BEING A BOURGEOIS—

Never carry ANY money around with you.

USE

FELLOW TRAVELERS CHECKS

GOOD ANYWHERE ON THE BLACK MARKET

FELLOW TRAVELERS CHECKS

LEARN THE KOSATCHKI

at an **ARTHUR MURROFF DANCE STUDIO**

- EASY STEPS
- SOUNDPROOF ROOMS
- NO POLICE
- FRIENDLY INSTRUCTORS

SIMPLE CHART SHOWING EASY KOSATCHKI STEPS

LENINGRAD BRANCH CLOSED DURING PURGES

IN VLADIVOSTAK it's the

HILTON-TOVARICH HOTEL

1000 Rooms With Private Guards 1000

(15 Minute Walk to the Salt Mines)

ROOMS FOR MEETINGS, BANQUETS, POGROMS

RUSSIAN PLAN CUISINE

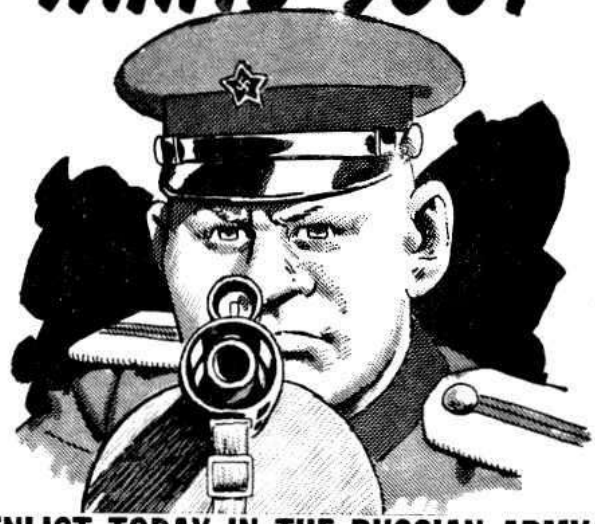
Inquire Today

SIBERIA 6-8100

LOCATED IN THE HEART OF THE BOLSHEVIK DISTRICT

RECOMMENDED BY NKVD

UNCLE JOE WANTS YOU!



ENLIST TODAY IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY!

LEARN GOOD TRADES
- Wire Tapping
- Germ Warfare
- Propaganda Tactics
- Subversive Spying

SEE THE WORLD
- Invade Other Countries
- Help Suppress Uprisings
- Be First At Revolutions
- Attend Mass Pogroms

See Your Local Recruiting Commissar Immediately!

A CRACKED FEATURETTE

THAT WONDERFUL YEAR

1918 1920 1915 1917 1919 1921

U.S. TROOPS FIRST INVADE FRANCE

GERMAN ARMIES FIRST INVADE ITALY

LENIN COMMUNISTS FIRST INVADE RUSSIA

BRITISH SOLDIERS FIRST INVADE INDIA

CRACKED MAGAZINES FIRST INVADE NEWSSTANDS

With the success of confidential-type magazines in America, the whole country is being made aware of the sensationalism in the lives of famous people. Since this sort of lurid reading is so popular everywhere, why not have a magazine in each neighborhood telling all about the confidential shenanigans of its inhabitants—namely the average man and woman in the street. This would keep backfence gossip out in the open, give people a chance to know each other better, and mainly make a fortune for the publisher. And so CRACKED presents its version of a confidential neighborhood magazine, aptly called . . .

THE NIGHT STANLEY THE PLUMBER WOULD LIKE TO FORGET!

NEIGHBORHOOD Confidential

OCT
25¢
HUSH MONEY

TELLS THE GOSSIP AND SPREADS THE RUMORS

MINNIE KLOTZ AND THE GARBAGEMAN
He Came To Take Out the Garbage—and Took Out Minnie Instead!

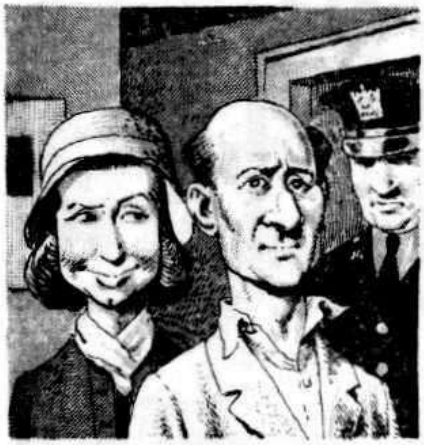
THE GIRL IN HENRY THE BAKER'S BATHTUB!
(an eyewitness report)

EXTRA! SAM THE GROCER'S NEW BABY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HIM! ***page 86***

THE REAL REASON

WHY MABEL SNOOD HAD HER HUBBY FOLLOWED

FOR YEARS EVERYBODY THOUGHT HE WAS ALWAYS DRUNK — UNTIL ONE DAY HE SHOWED UP SOBER . . .



The happy couple taken at the police station after he was released on bail for mistakenly entering a local ladies' lounge.

by A. K. SNODGRASS

(NEIGHBORHOOD PANHANDLER)

You'd have your hubby followed too if he were a nitwit like Casper Snerd! He never remembers where he is. You can't leave him out of your sight for a minute. You have to lead him by the hand wherever he goes. It's about time Mabel wised up and hired somebody to follow him. That guy can get into a heap of trouble.

HIS ESCAPADES CAUSE RIOTS

Like the time he absent-mindedly locked himself in the hall closet for three weeks thinking he was going out the front door. Or the day he climbed up on the roof of Reilly's Tavern because he heard the drinks were on the house. And what decent law-abiding citizen in town can ever forget the time Casper absent-mindedly kissed the cat and put his wife out—causing her to bash him over the head with a big (CONTINUED)

ACTUAL CLIPPING FROM THE TOWN PAPER

MAN RUNS AMOK THRU FISH MARKET

TOWN, Oct. 24—An unidentified male, described by police as about 42, was found wandering about the streets early this morning, clad in only Bermuda shorts and an Ivy League raincap, and holding a 3 lb. flounder reportedly stolen from the Blech Fish Market on Main Street.

At first, Sheriff Hotchkiss believed him to be involved in a harmless college initiations stunt and grinned knowingly. It was only after it was discovered that there wasn't a college within 185 miles of town that suspicions arose and

EYEWITNESS REPORT

WHAT WAS FELIX THE TV REPAIRMAN DOING— COMING OUT OF WIDOW BROWN'S HOUSE AT 2 A.M.?

by SHARKEY FINCH

(THE GUY WHO RACKS THE BALLS AT THE POOLROOM)

This Widow Brown is quite a gal! Ever since her husband Waldo died and left her a fortune from his garter buckle business, every eligible male in town has been after her. Delivery boys are seen entering the FRONT-WAY; fuller-brush salesmen keep carrying in valises; the iceman cometh and goeth.

HER HEART BELONGS TO FELIX

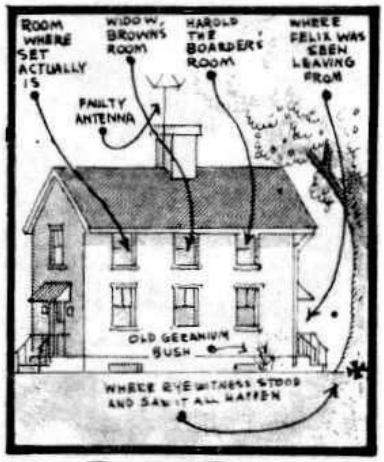
But they all play second fiddle to Felix, the TV repairman from Maple Street—Felix with the shifty eyes and shy toothless grin—who's been fixing her set now for the past five years. Their gay little escapades are really making neighbors' eyes pop! It seems that Felix is at her home so much that they can't get any service on their television sets and hence everybody's listening to the radio.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

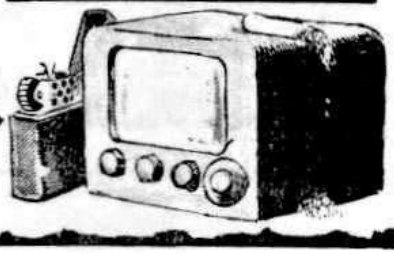
When questioned about this state of affairs the Widow Brown replied, "No comment." Felix, however, was more talkative. "That's the durndest TV set I ever saw," he complained, "always actin' up. How she expects to get good reception on a 4-inch screen beats the Sam Hill outta me!" When Sam Hill was questioned however (CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)

HER SET CAN'T BE THAT BAD!



WIDOW BROWN'S TELEVISION SET— IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER



LOWDOWN

THE CHICK WHO MADE A CHUMP OUT OF CHARLIE THE CHIROPODIST

The girl who said "No" to the town's gift to women

The king of the boudoir was no match for the blonde with the ingrown toe-nail! ! !

by ALVIN PROTZ

(THE I-CASH-CLOTHES MAN)

Everybody knows that Charlie Perkins, the fun-loving foot doctor can talk any girl into anything. Husbands know this too and whisk their wives quickly past his plush loft on Second Street. But this was before the afternoon of May 12, 1961, when a curvaceous little chipper, Shirley the bookkeeper came in to have her tootsies treated.

SHE WAS NO EASY PICKIN'S

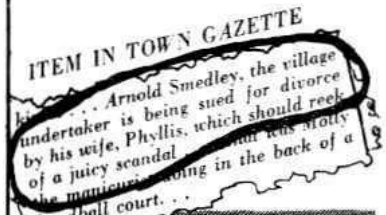
No sooner did Charlie feast his eyes on those long, curvy toes than he immediately started to cut for bunions. It turned out however, that the gal's corns were really birthmarks, and the "NO" she let out when he started snipping was heard as far as (CONTINUED)

EXTRA!

A PEEK AT CHARLIE'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

WHAT NEVER CAME OUT AT THE SMEDLEY DIVORCE TRIAL !!!


ITEM IN TOWN GAZETTE

... Arnold Smedley, the village undertaker is being sued for divorce by his wife, Phyllis, which should reek of a juicy scandal ... was Molly ... in the back of a handball court. . .

The Smedleys in one of their more peaceful moments, taken shortly after the birth of their son, Denzil.

by EUSTACIA GLOBB

(NAMED AS CORRESPONDENT)

As everybody knows, Phyllis Smedley divorced her husband Arnold because of "incompatability." This is the story the newspapers got. The REAL REASON for the divorce was hushed up by Judge Umglick who thought it was "too lurid" for release.

TESTIMONY SHOCKS COURTROOM

At the right is the authentic, uncensored part of the court record "too hot to print." It names names and places places and is now shown for the first time. And what's more

(CONTINUED ON BACK COVER)

EXCLUSIVE!

UNCENSORED COURT RECORD

QUESTION: You say he bragged about his "dealings" with other women?

ANSWER: Yeah! De louse! He tol' me how he wuz carryin' on wit Flossie de sewin' machine op'rater! Also how he an' dat dere Klobyash dame wuz havin' a fling! An 'bout his romance wit Big Mike de longshoreman's neese!

QUESTION: I see. You also claim that the defendant beat you?

ANSWER: Yeah! De bum! One night he comes home real stinkin' drunk an' bashes me over de head wit a big salami! I got black an' blue marks all over me body from dat baboon!

QUESTION: I see. Then why did you continue living with him?

ANSWER: I dunno. I guess I luved him, de big shlemiel! It's de way he looks at yuh, wit dem big brown eyes an' de way he holds yuh in his fat greasy arms an' squeezes yuh. I get a frill, yuh get me, Judge?

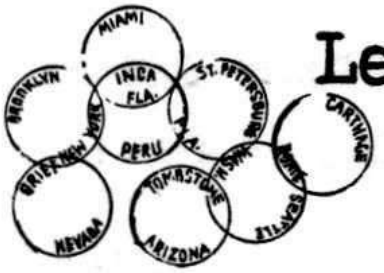
QUESTION: I believe I do.

REMARK: I object!

ANSWER: Shut up, ya bum!

JUDGE: Order in the court!

VOICE: I'll have a ham on rye!



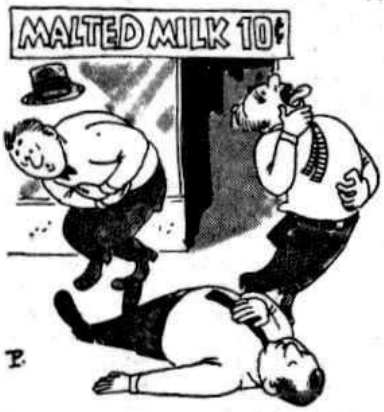
Letters, we got letters

A FAIR SHAKE

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the excellent story written by Alfred, the Soda Jerk, in your last issue. It told all about the corruption in malted milks all over town. Glad you finally bared the facts about the stale milk they put inside. About time somebody put our citizens wise to this outrage. Let's see more of this kind of journalism.

Alex the Bootblack
Whitehill Road



TOP SECRET

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is great. It's about time somebody brought all the messy town gossip out into the open. Enough of this secrecy. Unfortunately I can't enclose my own name. If my wife ever found out she'd kill me. Long live honesty!

Anonymous
No Address

PAYMENT ON DEMAND

Dear Editor:

I think your magazine is the greatest. I never knew what my neighbors were really like until I read your articles. Thanks loads for all the dirt.

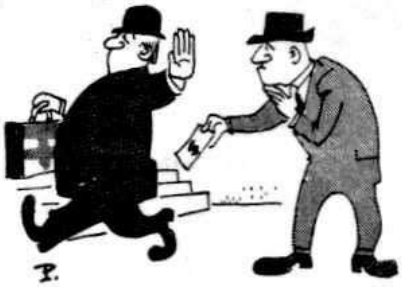
Mark the Blackmailer
No Address Given

GO FIGHT CITY HALL

Dear Editor:

Would you please do an article exposing the crooked graft and corruption down at City Hall. They're downright thieves. It's getting so I can't even get a bribe in.

Max the Bookie
SC 4-0629

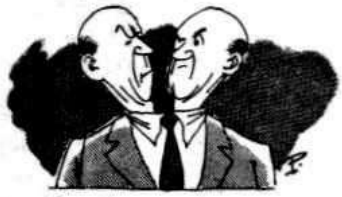


A SATISFIED CUSTOMER

Dear Editor:

Your magazine stinks! It's unfair to decent, law-abiding citizens. Thank heaven I'm not one of them. Enclosed find check for subscription.

Al the Laundryman
Maple Street



IT'S A GASSER

Dear Editor:

How about doing a story on the phony gas pump down at Reilly's Garage. I think it's a fake. Somebody's covering up. Who is Mr. Big ? ?

Shirley the Typist
Seabreeze Lane

CHICKEE THE COPS

Dear Editor:

Enjoyed your expose on why Bernard the Grocer broke off with Flossie the Manicurist. Only you didn't tell the REAL REASON—namely the other woman involved. It was Selma the Bookkeeper.

Jack the Junkman
Perry Avenue

EXPOSE!

WILD PARTIES IN THE SCHOOL GYM!

PARENTS WONDERING WHERE THEIR TEENAGE CHILDREN SPEND THEIR EVENINGS WOULD BLUSH IF THEY FOUND OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING UNDER THE PARALLEL BARS . . .

by (MISS) HORTENSE FAIRCHILD
(Town Old Maid and Itinerant Baby Sitter)

SEYMOUR THE JANITOR
WHO HAD TO CLEAN UP THE WHOLE MESS

FOUL PLAY AT THE FOUL LINE???

On Friday nights, when basketball practice is over in our school gymnasium, most of the players and fans go home and get right to bed. Some linger on. These youngsters engage in some of the wildest parties this town has ever seen!

A SHOCKING SITUATION PREVAILS

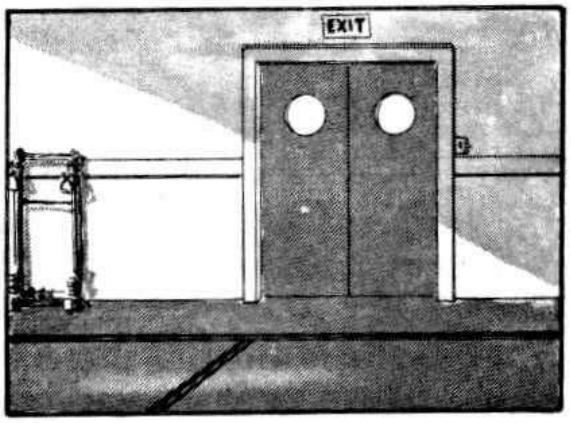
Teenage boys and girls who are exposed to Bach and Mozart in the music appreciation classes during the day, have been seen listening to "Rock and Roll" records while guzzling Coca-Cola like it was water! One teen-aged girl was actually seen smoking a non-filtered cigarette! And all the girls walk around in nothing but slacks, sweaters and long pony tails. The boys wear little but black leather jackets and Ivy League pants.

PARTIES GET WILDER LATER ON

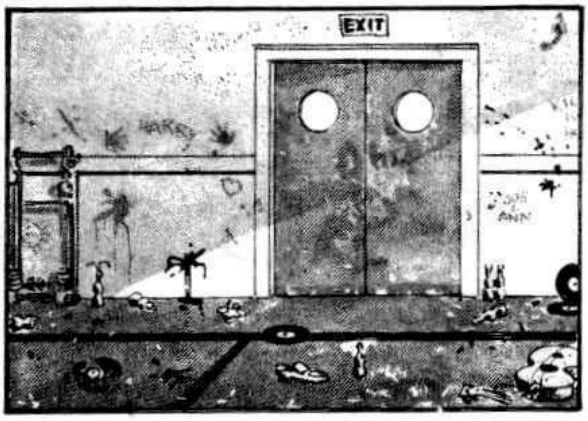
Somebody always has a guitar and gyrates while he strums and sings. These lewd performances are always shocking! Some of these parties last until 10 or even as late as 11 o'clock in the evening. If these happenings are too hard to believe, you can go and see for yourself as I did. Just go down to the side of the gymnasium basement any Friday evening. The window is quite high, but if you stand on a box nearby you can see as I did that (CONTINUED)

PROOF OF WILD PARTIES

THE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM
ON THE AFTERNOON OF MAY 12, 1961
(note neat and orderly manner it is always in)



THE SAME GYMNASIUM
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING
(note chaos and disorder everywhere)



Wire-Tapping
TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT

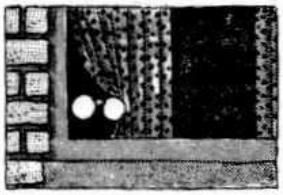
Surprise your neighbor when you attach these easy-to-use gadgets on his telephone. Eavesdrop on private conversations and sell them to this magazine. Complete with earphones, pad and paper — only **$19.98**

Hi-Fi Transistor
HEARING AIDS

Hear the gossip more clearly in stereophonic sound. Play back later and entertain your friends at parties. Complete with long playing needle — only **$2.99** per set

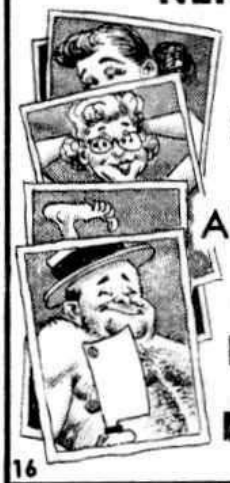
See-Thru
BINOCULARS

Sees Thru Curtains, Shades, Walls



Be the first in your neighborhood to get news of what's happening. Contains special-made X-Ray lens. Only **$1.49**

PIN-UP PICTURES
Of Your Favorite
NEIGHBORS



See
Sam The Butcher
Leo The Barber
Alice The Librarian
In Daring And
Revealing Poses

Complete set of 12 only 49c

Contidentially Speaking...

THE BROKEN PIN-BALL MACHINE DOWN AT ANDY'S DRUG STORE

Those of you who've been wondering why you never get any free games on the pin-ball machine near the scale in Andy's Drug Store—HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS! It's broken! Yes, no matter how high your score is you can't get a free game. Word has it that old Andy is covering up for somebody. It hasn't been working since the Masonic picnic last May. Nobody knows how many nickels have gone down the drain since then. We smell graft and corruption someplace high up.

* * *

Next month NEIGHBORHOOD CONTIDENTIAL brings you all the dirt hushed up in that marked Bingo cards scandal at the P.T.A. Bazaar. We're going to name names and place places. This will cause embarrassment to some pretty popular local residents.

* * *

You poor slobs who've been ordering pizza pies at Pasquale's Tavern are in for the scandal of your lives! An investigation into the amount of mushrooms that go into one of his pies revealed that somebody is being short-changed. In a future issue we expect to blast the whole racket open that's costing local taxpayers hard-earned $$.

* * *

Why has that report on the broken gas pump down at Kropotkin's Garage been hushed up? We smell a fix a mile away! All we could get out of old Kropotkin was "no comment.'

Who's behind the Juke Box mishmash at the town diner? Folks keep putting in nickels to hear Frank Sinatra and keep getting old Rosemary Clooney records. Who's in back of this? Who is Mr. Big?

* * *

It's hard to believe that the soft-spoken bespectacled little man who alters your dresses and fixes your zippers down on Fourth Street has a police record! But old Irving, the Tailor, was arrested 14 years ago on a disorderly conduct charge. It seems he was caught expectorating on a sidewalk. To this day nobody believes his story about his sinuses. Let's be fair about this, huh, Irving? ?

THE FAULTY SCALE AT NORTON'S FISH MARKET: A lot of decent, law-abiding citizens have recently been complaining that they're not getting all the fish they pay for. Suspicions arose because Sam Norton always keeps a large, heavy bandage on his thumb. Who's covering up? Something is rotten in our fish markets!

* * *

Higgins the Mortician, submits this month's top joke. It seems a certain neighborhood woman was embracing the milkman on her couch when her husband came home unexpectedly. As soon as she saw him she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Uh-h! Big Mouth's here! Now the whole neighborhood'll know! !"

LONELY?

LET MRS. PROTZ OF ELM STREET FIX YOU UP

My introductions have resulted in the marriage of Phyllis the School Teacher and Kenneth the Dentist; Irene the Florist and Gabriel the Accountant; Sheila the Receptionist and Marvin the Panhandler; and countless other lonely men and women in the neighborhood. And I can do the same for you! You needn't be alone any longer. And there is no fee. I do it out of the goodness of my heart. Let Mrs. Protz into your life today for fast, hard-hitting results.

Gripes of the Month

My gripe is against people who can't mind their own business. These nosy types who keep butting into other people's affairs really bug me. By the way, I'd like to hear about your gripes. Write and tell me all your own personal feelings. Also where do you get your stories, how much do you pay for photographs, etc.

H.F.C.
Main Street

* * *

My gripe is directed against the pettiness of people who are never frank and open and who keep secrets all the time. They're plain dishonest, I tell you. And I'd tell you more, only I don't want anybody to find out who's sending this here letter.

X
Elm Street

* * *

My gripe is people who can't make up their minds. Indecisiveness is my pet peeve. But sometimes I feel I'm just kidding myself about it. Maybe it isn't that at all. I really don't know.

??
Poplar Street

* * *

One of my gripes: people who talk about you behind your back. I mean those types who can't face you head-on. You can print this but I'm not signing the letter. I don't want certain people to know who it is that's griping against them.

K.O.O.K.
Bridge Street

* * *

My gripe: people who go around murdering other people. I think that's disgusting!

Q.T.
Pine Street

* * *

I'd like to register my gripe against all these dag-blasted people who are always cursing all the time. Drat it, they get on my durn nerves. Why can't those blankety-blank sons of guns be civil once in a while, dag-blast it!

B.V.D.
Ash Street

* * *

I hav a gripe aginst peopel who cant spel. If thers anithing I cant stand its misoose of the inglish langwitch.

A.K.
Spruse Strete

* * *

Stoolpigeons are my gripe. These individuals who inform on other people are the lowest form of humanity. And I can name you hundreds of these finks right here in town. What's more, I'm enclosing a list of same. Now maybe you can expose this vicious human failing.

P.U.
Race Street

* * *

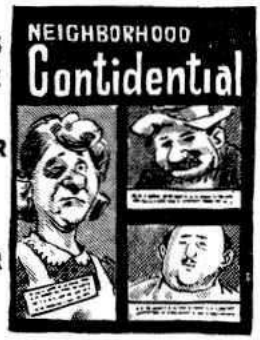
My gripe is against people who keep griping all the time. They should be thankful for what they got. Lord knows I have everything to gripe about—but you don't see me griping!

O.X.
Dead End Street

Send us your pet gripes. We'll pay five green stamps for everyone used. If you don't receive the stamps, then you'll REALLY have a gripe! !

NEXT MONTH

- **WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE DOORS AT MRS. TUCKER'S ROOMING HOUSE**
- **HERMAN — THE PUSHCART PEDDLER NOBODY KNOWS**
- **WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE WITH SAM THE BARBER**



... And Many Other Sensational Articles

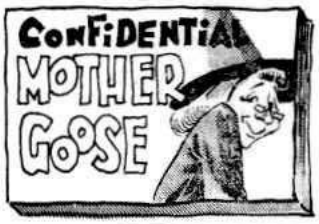
ON SALE SOON

Ready-To-Wear
FALSE TEETH

Now you too can spread the gossip more clearly to your neighbor. And at prices you can't afford to pass up even if you have your own teeth!

No Mouth Too Big Or Too Small.
ALL SIZES. From 39c Up.

Confidential
NURSERY RHYMES



Old Mother Goose would really blush at these. Confidential pictures — the kind confidential men like. Includes daring poses by Little Miss Muffet, Goldilocks, etc.

5 Books In 1 For Only **99c**

All-Purpose
JOCKEY SHORTS

Can be used as a handkerchief, bandana, tourniquet or bikini. . .

In All Colors And Sizes.

See Irving The Habedasherer

NEIGHBORHOOD DRUG STORE
CONFIDENTIAL ITEMS
(See Oswald The Soda Jerk)

Real Genuine
SLUGS
For Parking Meters

See Big Mike, The Stoolie

Candy-Coated
MILTOWN

For The Child Neurotic

Call Leo — NI 9-2383 — All Night

MOST PEOPLE GO THROUGH THEIR DAILY LIVES SADDLED WITH A DULL JOB THAT OFFERS THEM LITTLE OPPORTUNITY FOR SELF-EXPRESSION. WE HERE AT CRACKED HOWEVER, FEEL THAT NO MATTER HOW TRIVIAL YOUR WORK

HOW TO MAKE AN

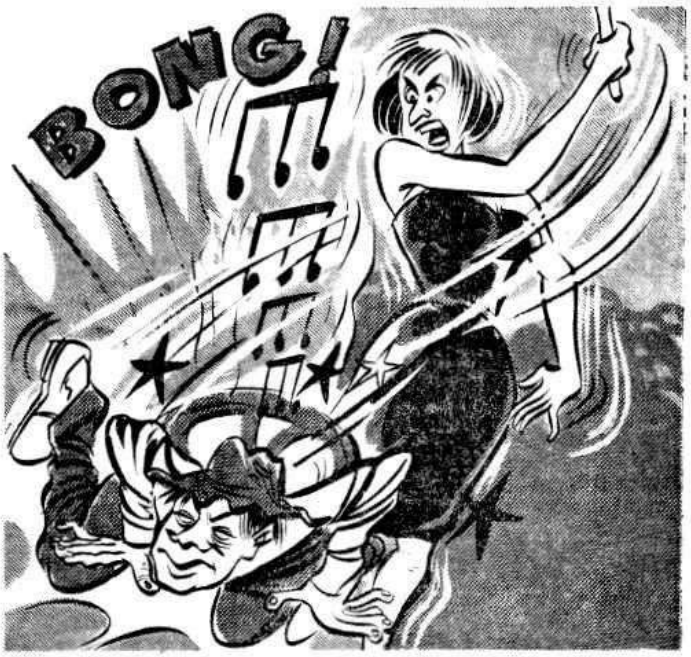
WAITERS are always moving awkwardly thru a restaurant carrying trays. By practicing delicate ballet steps, they can now move thru the air and express themselves gracefully.

BRICKLAYERS monotonously place one brick on top of another. By first making interesting sculptoral arrangements, they can find an outlet for their latent artistic talents.

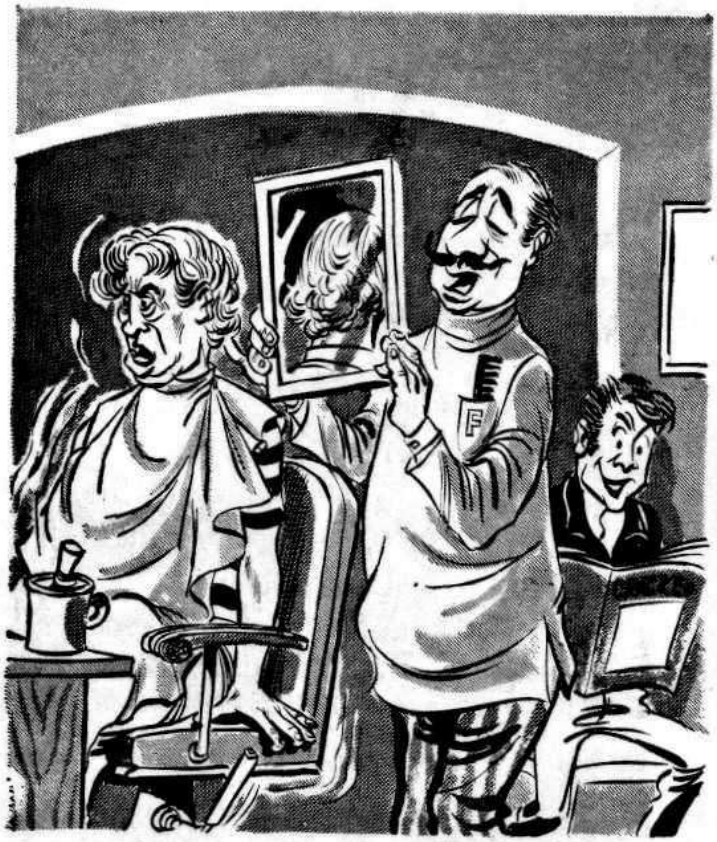
IS, THERE IS AN OUTLET FOR TRUE CREATIVITY. ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE IMAGINATION. TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE MEAN, HERE ARE A FEW VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS THAT CRACKED HAS COME UP WITH, IN WHICH YOU SEE . . .

ART OF YOUR JOB

HOUSEPAINTERS usually tire of the same old tedious brush strokes. By first creating different designs and figures on the wall, they will begin to feel like really true artists.



PLUMBERS go about their business doing a lot of dull and humdrum work. By simply tapping on the pipes as they fix them, fine musical sounds can be achieved to break the monotony.

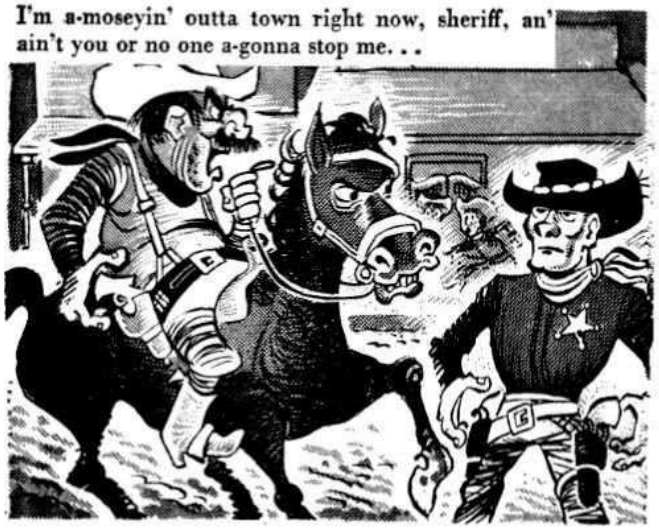


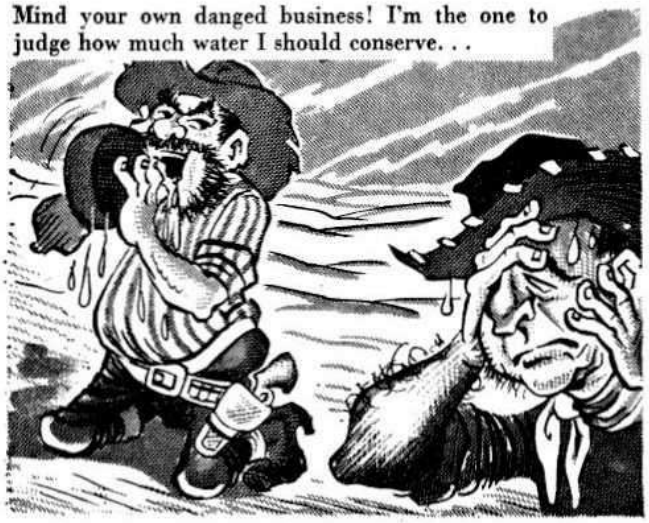
BARBERS keep giving the same old conventional haircuts. By getting together and introducing new and exciting hair styles for men, they can be among our nation's top fashion designers.

STREETCLEANERS move unglamorously along the city streets picking up garbage. By dancing about imaginatively while sweeping, they can now give full vent to their artistic natures.

Cracked takes you back to . . .

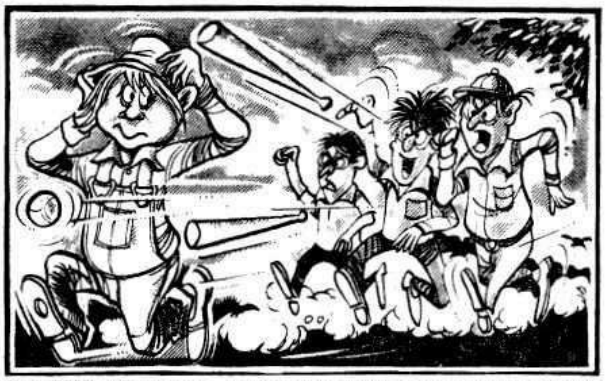
WHEN IT ALL ENDED





In one of the earlier CRACKED issues of last year, we presented our version of what it would be like if some of the famous old poets of the past had read CRACKED back in the days of history. What followed was a barrage by some of the infamous young poets of today, who sent in their particular versions, a few of which are now recorded for posterity here—in an article called . . .

IF DIFFERENT POETS HAD READ CRACKED



TO THE EDITORS, WHO MAKE MUCH OF CRACKED

By Robert Herring

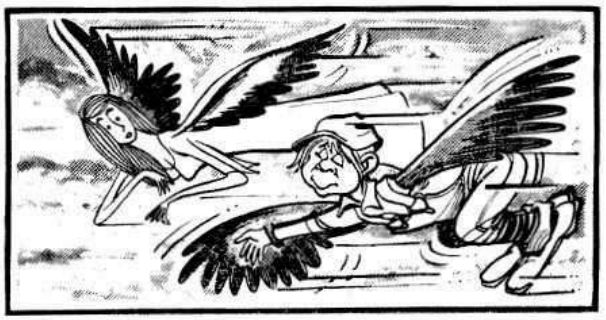
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Cracked is still a-flying:
And this same book that sells today
To-morrow will be dying.
Your sales are high, talk of the town,
And higher they're a-gettin,
But what goes up must come back down,
With you it's sure a-betting.
That book is best which is the first,
When art and script are newer;
But second fiddle makes it worse
Time will make readers fewer.
Then be not clods, or you'll get sacked,
Stop now, and better hurry:
For having seen the latest Cracked,
You may forever worry.

SAD SONG

By Christina Rossatti

When I am dead, my dearest
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
Tho in the earth I'm lain,
I shall be very happy cause—
I won't see CRACKED again!



TO A CRACKED LARK

By Percy Bysshe Shirley

Hail to thee, blech spirit!
Good thou never wert,
That from left field or near it,
Pourest thy fool heart
In profound strains of unprofessional art.

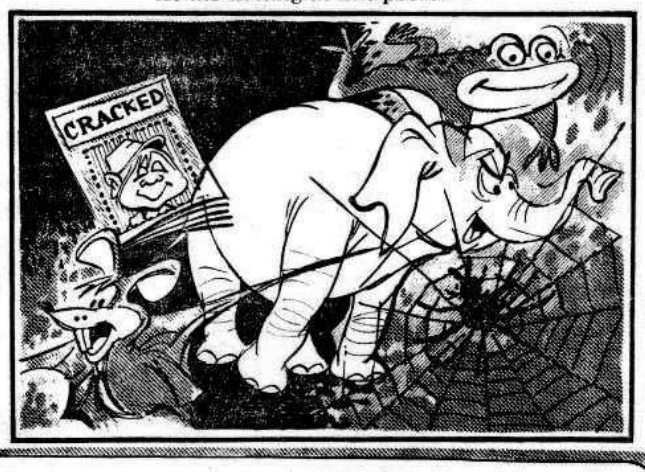
Lower still and lower
From the gutter thou springest
Like a barrel of garbage;
The newsstands thou clutterest,
And tho sales dost soar, thy soaring ever stinkest!

JABBERWACKY
By Lewis Carrot

'Twas brillig, and the sloppy toves
Did jyre and jimjick in the wod;
All mumsy were the bloopergroves,
And the mommy rats outclod.

"Beware the Jabbrewack, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that snatch!
Beware the Kinlai bird, and shun
The mishugina banderkvetch!"

I take my snorkel pen in hand:
Long time to write this little tome,
To tell you Cracked makes as much sense—
As the writing in this poem!



A PSALM OF CRACKED
By Henry Wadsworth Shortfellow

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Cracked is but an empty book!—
For the artists should be plumbers
And the editor's a shnook.
Cracked's not real! Cracked's not earnest!
And good taste is not its goal;
Trash thou art, to trash returnest,
Never more no one to fool.
Not enjoyment, never funny,
Not one page is really gay;
Tomorrow would be very sunny
If you packed and went away.
Your art is dull, your copy scrawny,
And your layouts look real dead,
Still you go on being corny—
Like you got rocks in your head!

TRASH
By Joyce Killjoy

I think that I shall never see
A page in Cracked that interests me.

A page whose art work is not mussed
And doesn't fill me with disgust;

A page that looks like it had wit
In Cracked you don't find that one bit;

A page that makes a little sense
And doesn't shout its insolence;

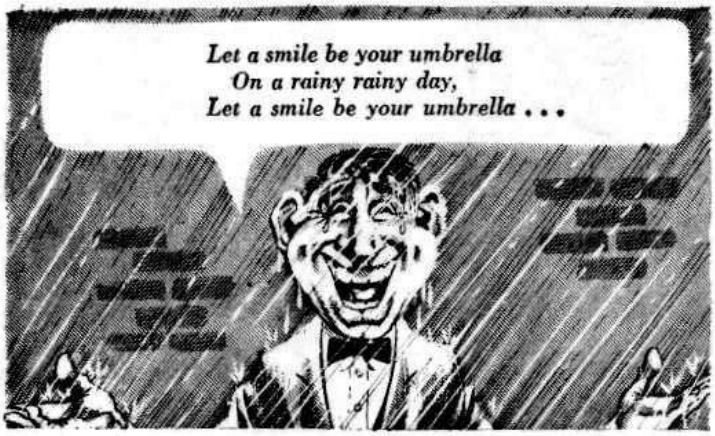
A book where humor is a must
Cracked is sure a great big bust;

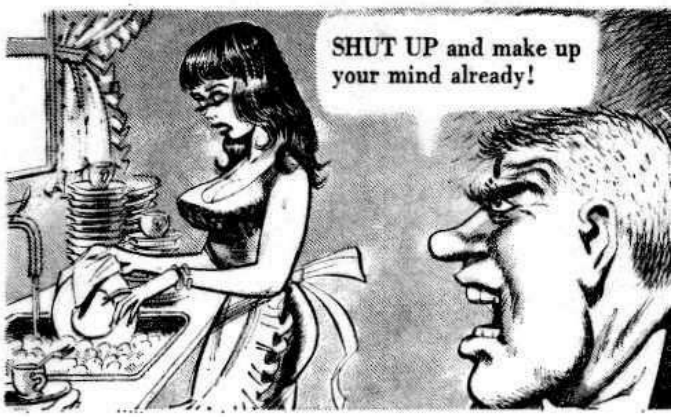
Poems are sold by clods like I,
But only Cracked can sell a lie.

ODE TO CRACKED
By Ann Onymous

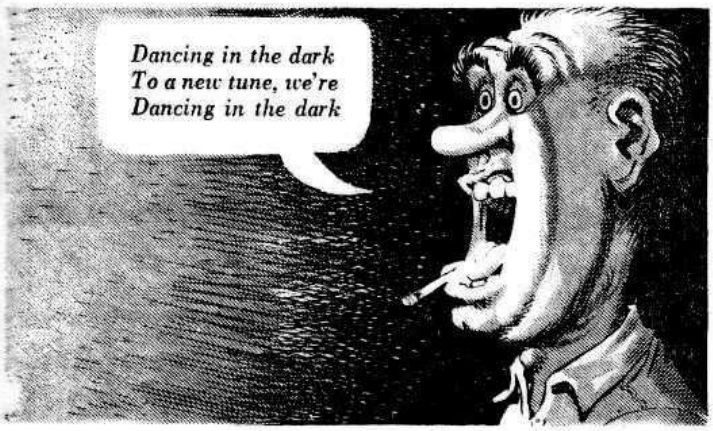
I used to work in Chicago
In a department store,
Behind a magazine counter
I do and I don't anymore;
A lady came in for a magazine,
I asked her what she wanted:
"Cracked," she said, cracked her I did—
I do and I don't anymore!

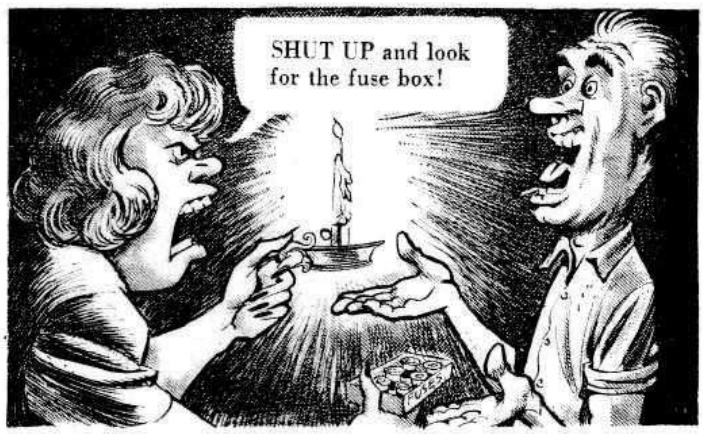
Judging by some of the lyrics of popular song standards around today, we figure that many people must have felt like yelling "SHUT UP" to the clod singing them. And so maybe you can put yourself in the place of some who did, as CRACKED now presents . . .

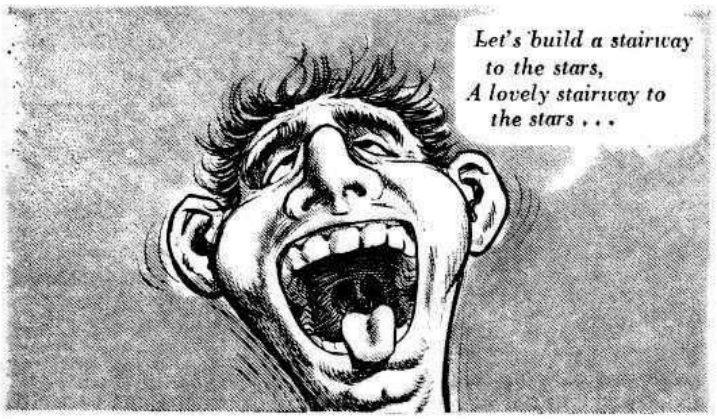


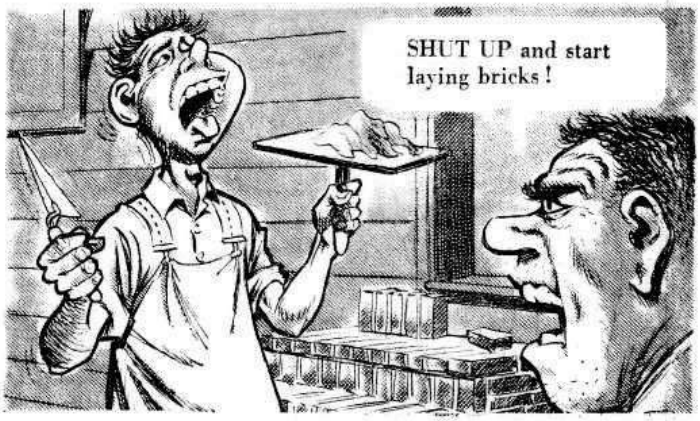


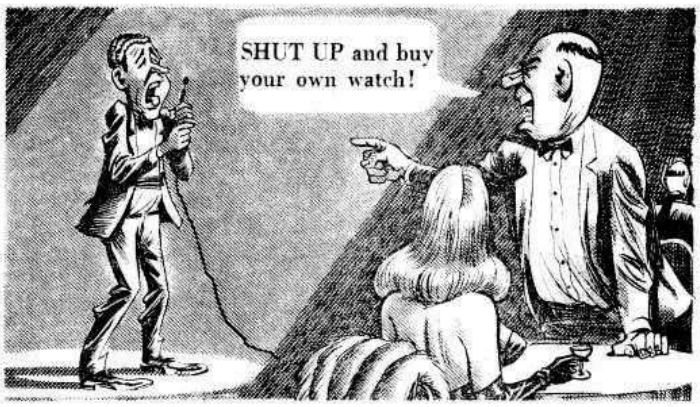
POPULAR SONGS SHUT-UPS

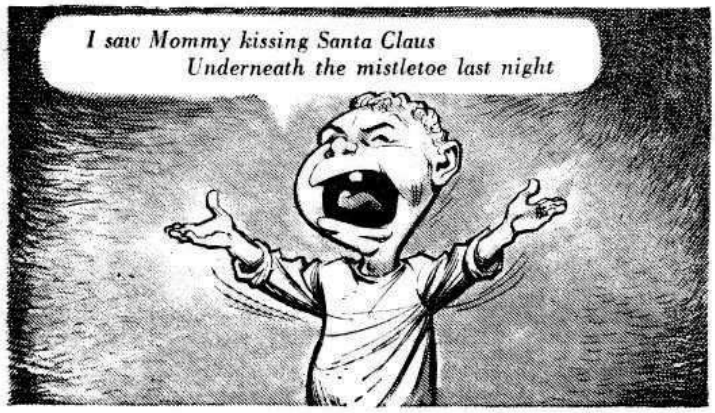


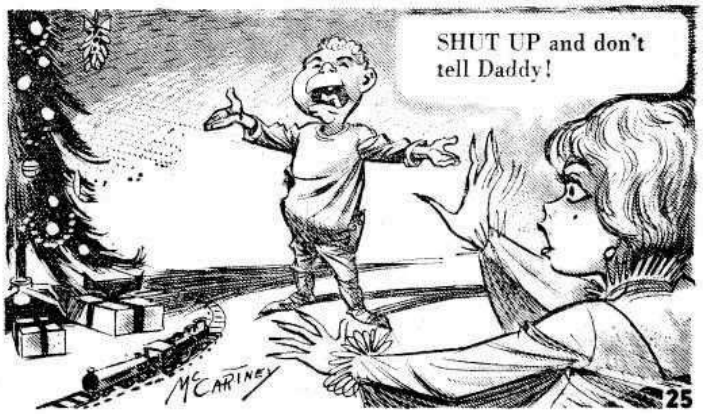


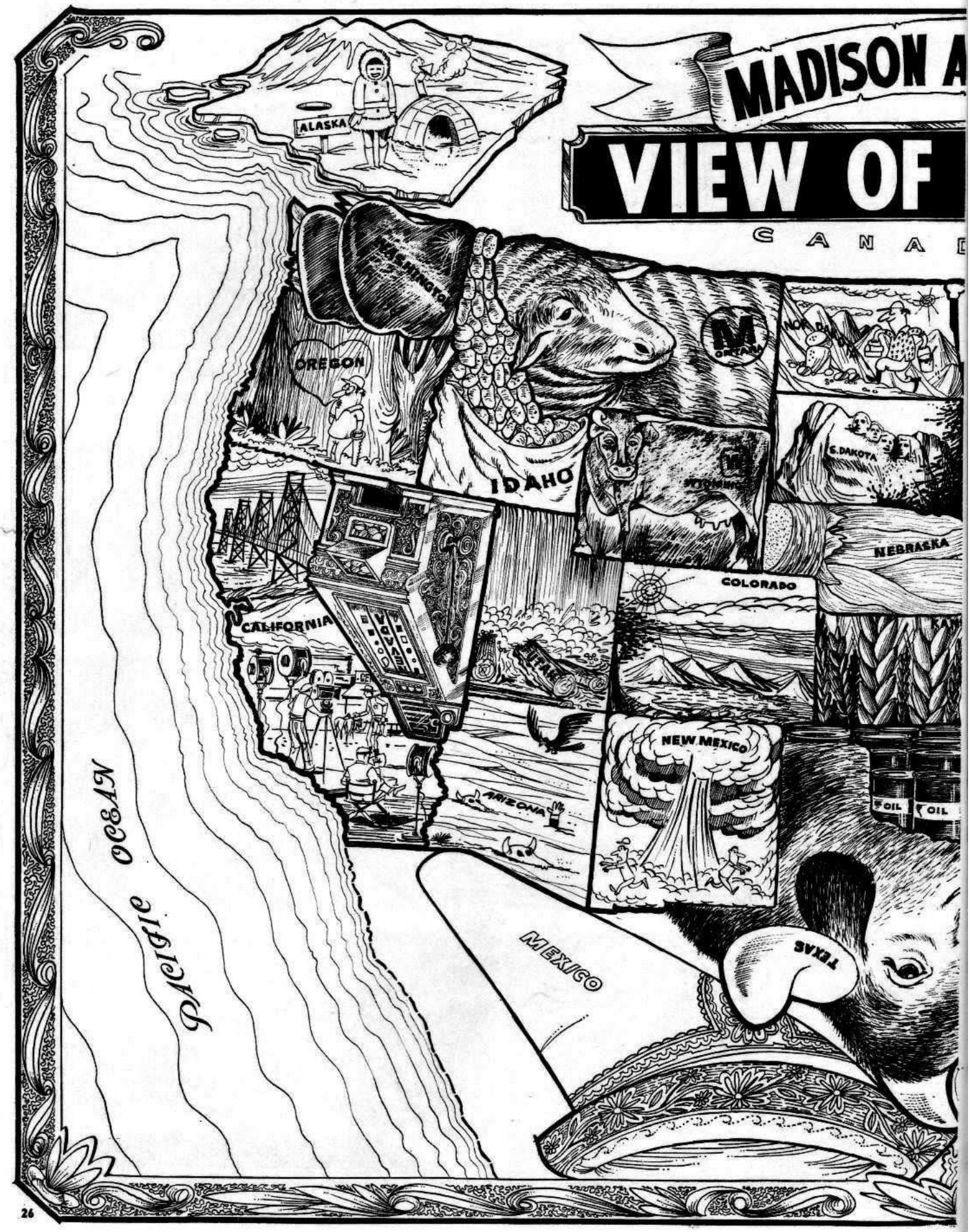








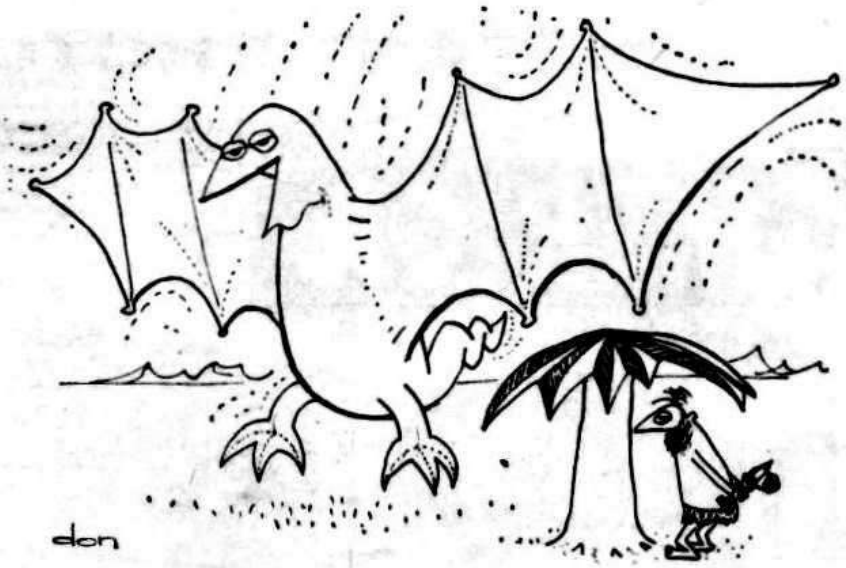


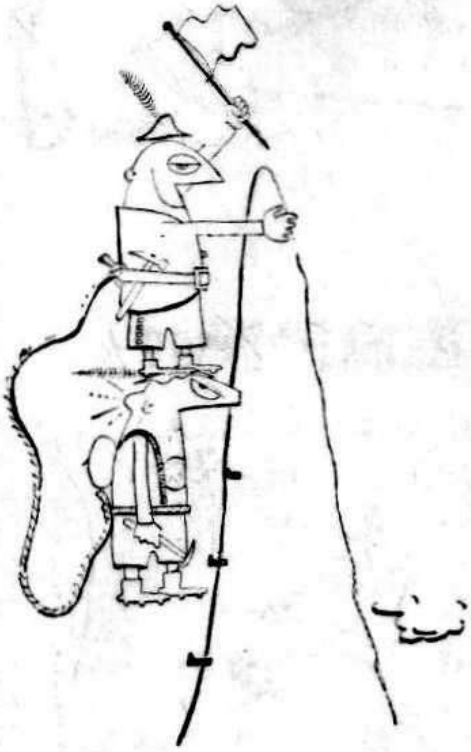

MADISON A
VIEW OF
CANA
ALASKA
WASHINGTON
OREGON
IDAHO
MONTANA
NORTH DAKOTA
S. DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
COLORADO
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
UTAH
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
OIL
OIL
TEXAS
MEXICO
Pacific Ocean

VENUE'S AMERICA

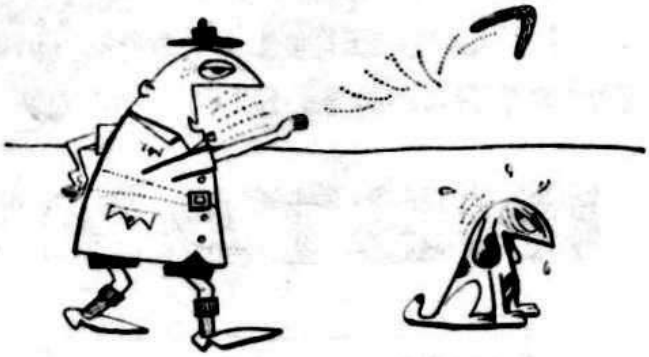
LET'S FACE IT! WITH EVERYTHING IN AMERICA GETTING A MODERN LOOK THE OLD-FASHIONED MAP REMAINS THE SAME. JUST A SERIES OF MEANINGLESS LINES THAT WE PRESENT TO THE WORLD. NO WONDER MANY PEOPLE FEEL THAT THE PRESTIGE OF OUR COUNTRY IS AT AN ALL-TIME LOW. WHAT WE NEED IS A NEW FACE-LIFTING JOB. WHAT WE NEED IS TO SHOW EACH STATE AS IT REALLY IS. WHAT WE NEED IS A MADISON AVENUE APPROACH TO AMERICA. THIS WILL SELL OURSELVES ABROAD AS PEOPLE WILL SEE US FOR THE FIRST TIME AS THE RICH AND PRODUCTIVE COUNTRY WE ARE. WHAT WE MAINLY NEED HOWEVER, IS TO GIVE LAINO SOMETHING TO DO, AND THE ARGENTINIAN SATIRIST NOW DOES IT BY PRESENTING HIS CONCEPTION OF HOW THIS MAP SHOULD BE CHANGED...

the little world of don swanson





"DOWN"



"FETCH!"

•TODAY IN JUST 10 SECONDS YOU CAN GET AN

INSTANT PHOTOGRAPH

•ALSO TODAY THERE ARE MANY OTHER STRIKING EXAMPLES OF FAST MODERN

INSTANT HOUSEKEEPING

INSTANT DINNERS

INSTANT CLEANING

•MAINLY TODAY WITH THE TEMPO OF LIVING GETTING MORE AND MORE RAPID, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE EVERYTHING IS SPEEDED UP AND WE GET . . .

INSTANT LIVING

LIKE FOR EXAMPLE, TURN THE PAGE AND SEE . . .

FUTURE LIVING INSTANCES OF

INSTANT MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS

INSTANT RESTAURANT SERVICE

INSTANT COLLEGE DEGREES

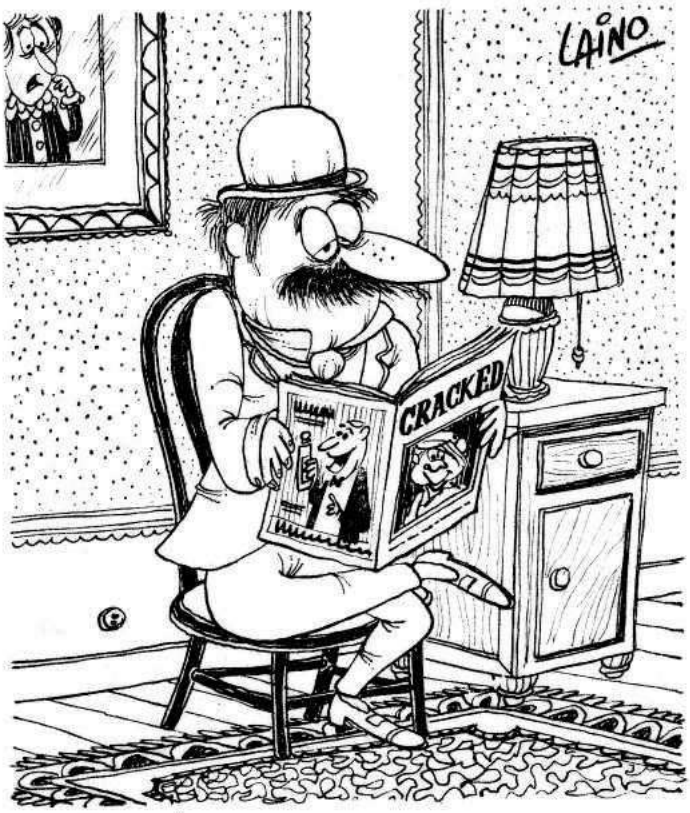
INSTANT MARRIAGE PROPOSALS

INSTANT LIVING FUTURES...

INSTANT SUMMER VACATIONS

INSTANT ARMY INDUCTIONS

INSTANT WEIGHT LOSING



INSTANT GETTING AWAY FROM ALL THIS

IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES, IT ISN'T EASY TO REMAIN AN OPTIMIST (ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE READING THIS MAGAZINE.) BUT IF YOU ARE ABLE TO SEE THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE, YOU CAN SEE THAT THERE'S A LITTLE GOOD IN EVERYTHING BAD (LIKE THE FACT THAT THIS ARTICLE DOES END) AND THAT NOTHING REALLY CAN BE ALL BAD (EXCEPT MAYBE THE REST OF THESE PAGES.) SO NOW SEE IF YOU CAN PLACE YOURSELF IN THE FOLLOWING PERILOUS CIRCUMSTANCES (LIKE THE ARTWORK IN THESE PANELS) AND TRY TO IMAGINE HOW . . .

You TOO Can Be An OPTIMIST

Don't think about it, Hotchkiss, and try to keep moving. . .

QUICK! CALL AN AMBULANCE!!

Maybe the guy who's got the bullet has a jammed gun. . .

The fight's not over yet, Tiger, we can STILL beat 'em!!!

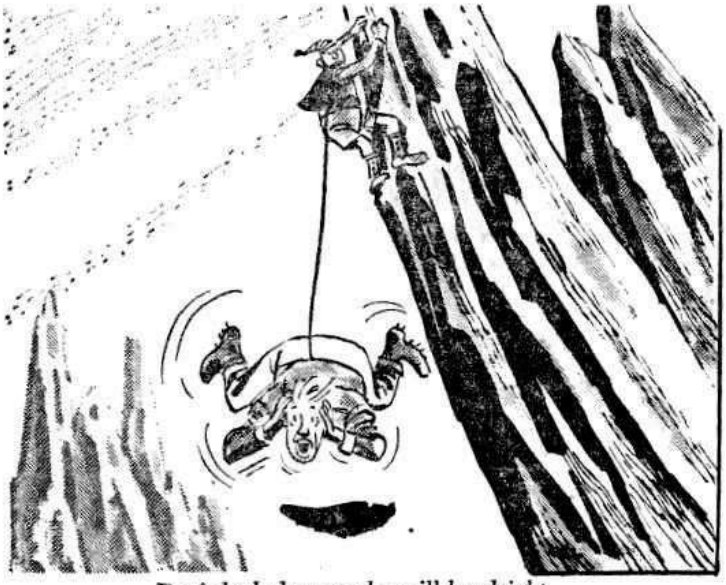
Don't let it get you down, Oswald. Remember, life is short....

Why can't we talk this over like two civilized people?

Keep your chin up, Smedley!

Act nonchalant, maybe he won't suspect anything...

Oh well, tomorrow's another day...



Don't look down and you'll be alright. . .

HIS NECK, STURDLEY, GRAB HIS NECK!!!

Don't take any of his guff, Henry! Show him who's boss!!

Now, now—things can't be THAT bad. . .

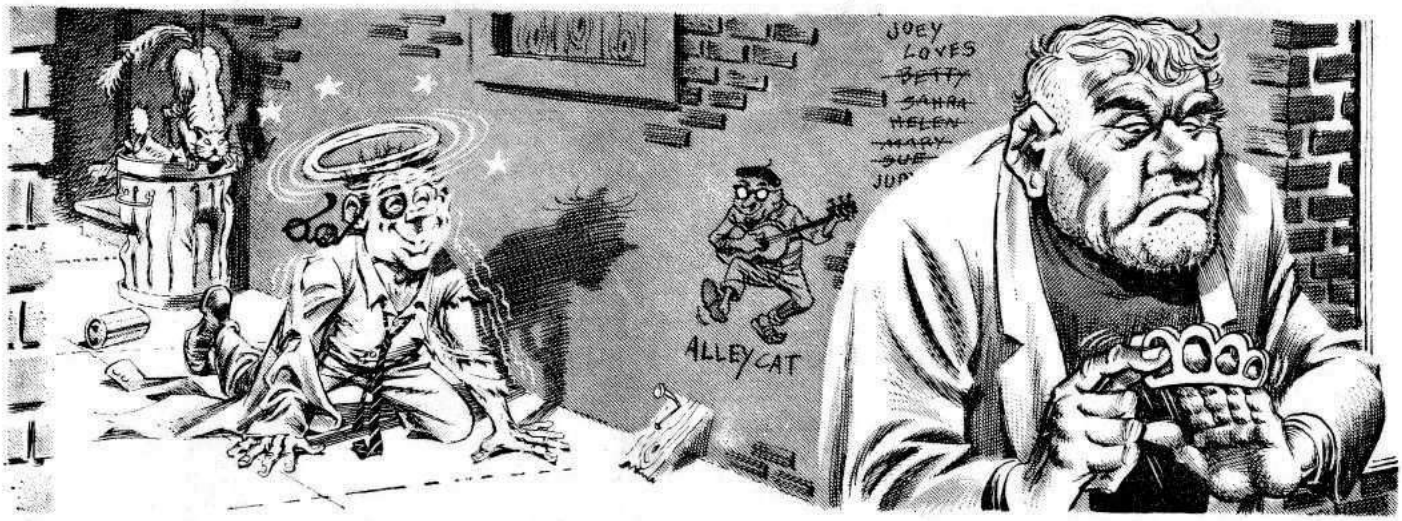
Don't think about it—it's all in your mind. . .

Maybe it's a gag. . .

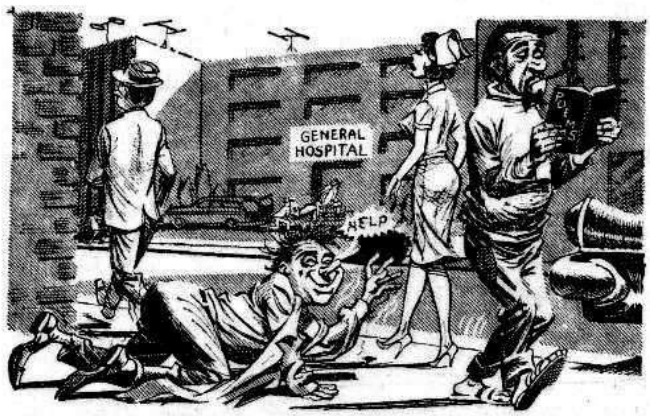
Once again we take another glimpse into the great literature of the past, and its equally great interpreter —poet Robert W. Service. This time CRACKED presents its version of a poem that is especially appropriate because it lends itself well to illustration. Mainly it is appropriate because it's a change of pace from the mood you've been in up to now—since it's appropriately called . . .

GRIN!

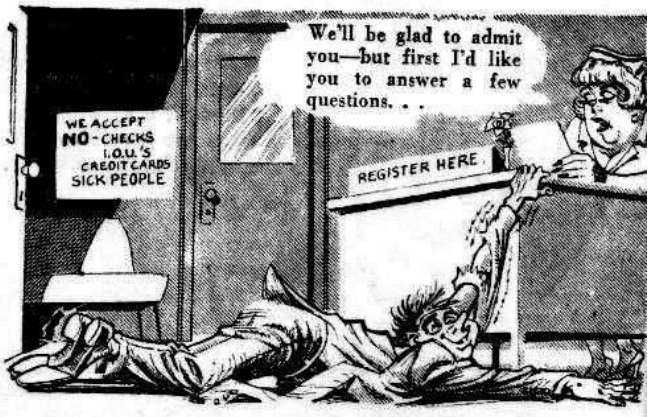
If you're up against a bruiser and you're getting knocked about—
GRIN!
If you're feeling pretty groggy, and you're licked beyond a doubt—
GRIN!



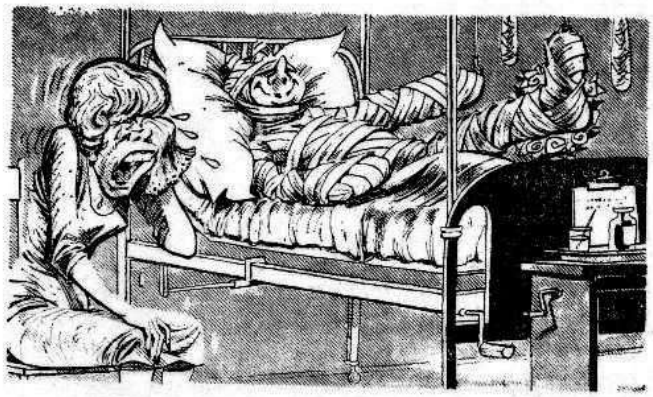
Don't let him see you're failing, let him know with every clout,
Though your face is battered to a pulp, your blooming heart is stout;
Just stand upon your pins until the beggar knocks you out, and—
GRIN!



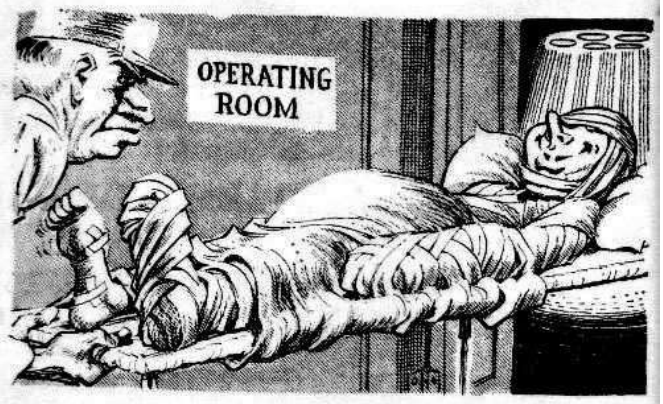
This life's a bully battle,
And the same advice holds true of
GRIN!
If you're up against it badly,
Then it's only one on you, so
GRIN!



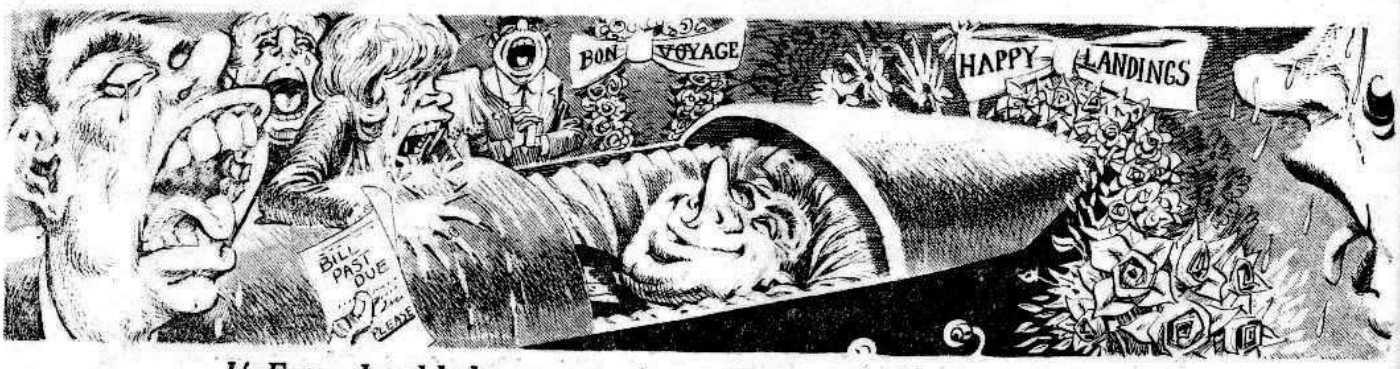
If the future's black as thunder,
Don't let people see you're blue;
Just cultivate a cast-iron smile
Of joy the whole day through;
If they call you "Little Sunshine,"
Wish that they'd no troubles too—
YOU MAY GRIN!



Rise up in the morning with the
Will that, smooth or rough, you'll
GRIN!
Sink to sleep at midnight,
And although you're feeling tough, yet
GRIN!

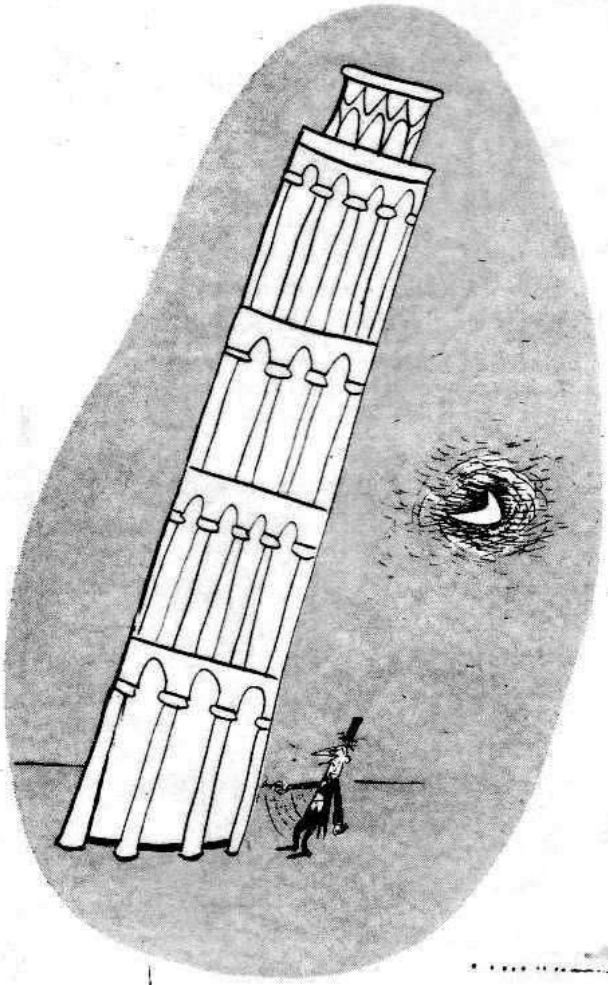


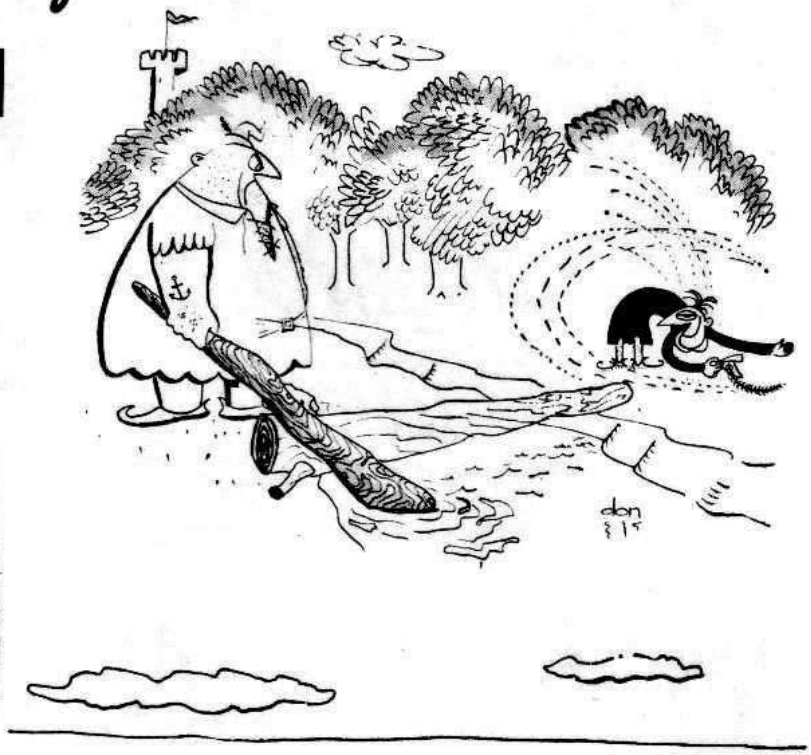
There's nothing gained by whining,
And you're not that kind of stuff;
You're a fighter from away back,
And you won't take a rebuff;
Your trouble is that you don't know
When you have had enough—
DON'T GIVE IN!

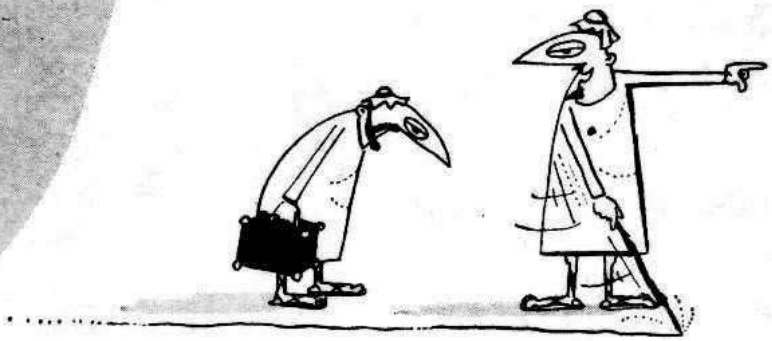


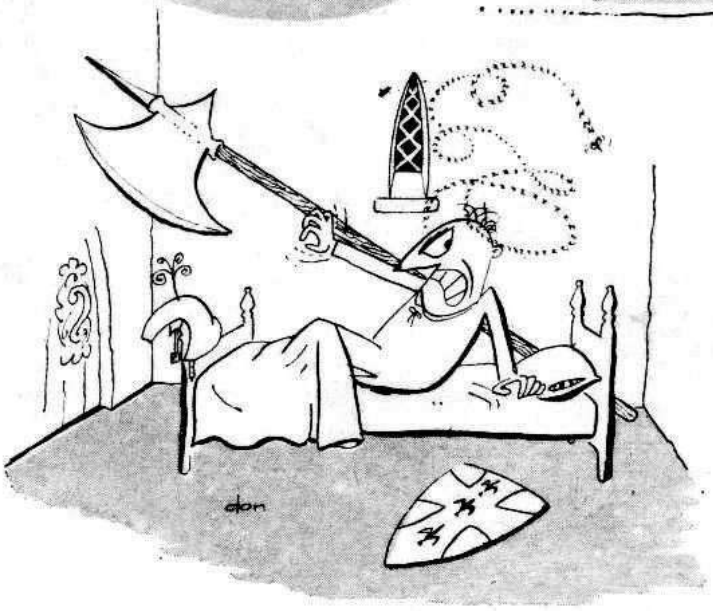
If Fate should down you, just get up and take another cuff;
You may bank on it that there is no philosophy like bluff, and
GRIN!

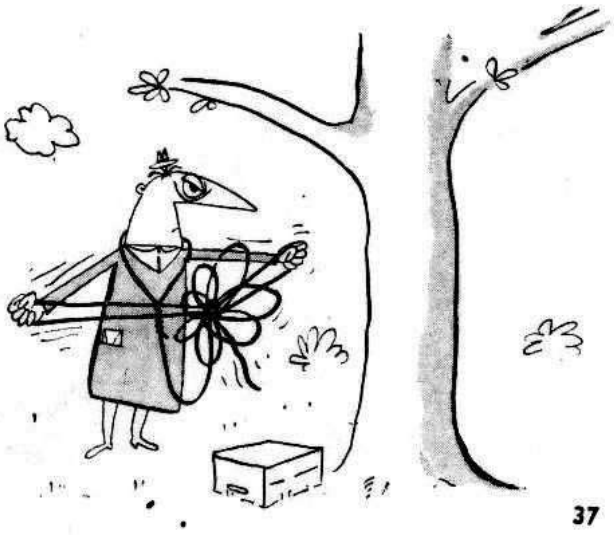
The Little World of
DON SWANSON











In the last issue of CRACKED, our artist LAINO gave us his impression of some of the great lovers of fiction. Since we feel that the other side should be given equal time and space, we have again asked him to dip his pen in satiric ink, look thru the massive literature of bygone days, and show us how he sees . . .

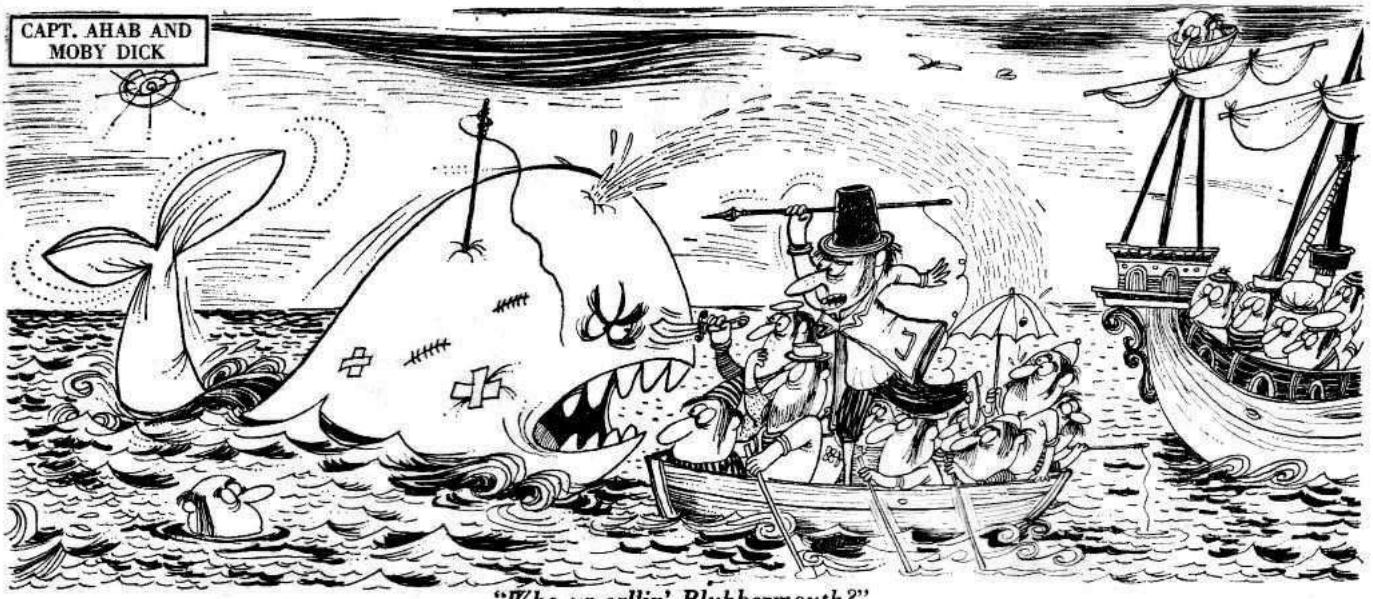
Great Enemies of Fiction

"You idiot! I have my contact lenses in!"

"Stop! I haven't got Blue Cross!"

"Romeo-Shmomeo, I don't want him near my daughter!"

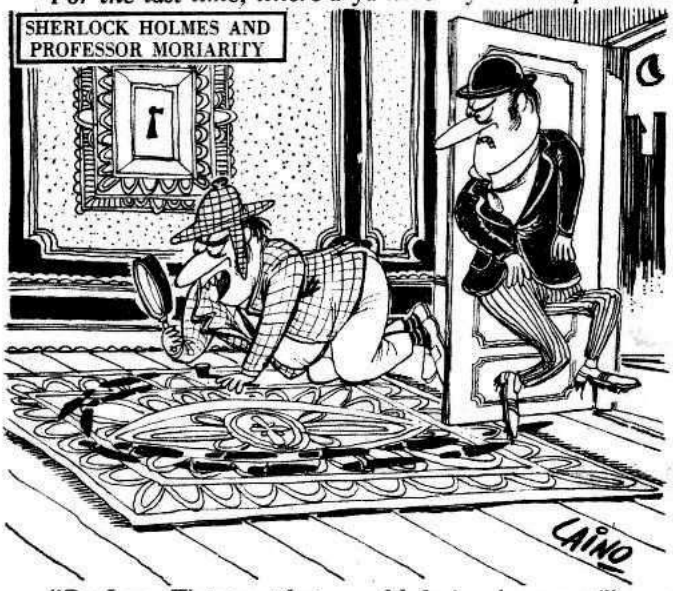
And would you believe it, last week they were posing for Cough Drop ads . . .



"Who ya callin' Blubbermouth?"

"For the last time, where'd ya hide my seasick pills?"

"Come back and fight like a man!"



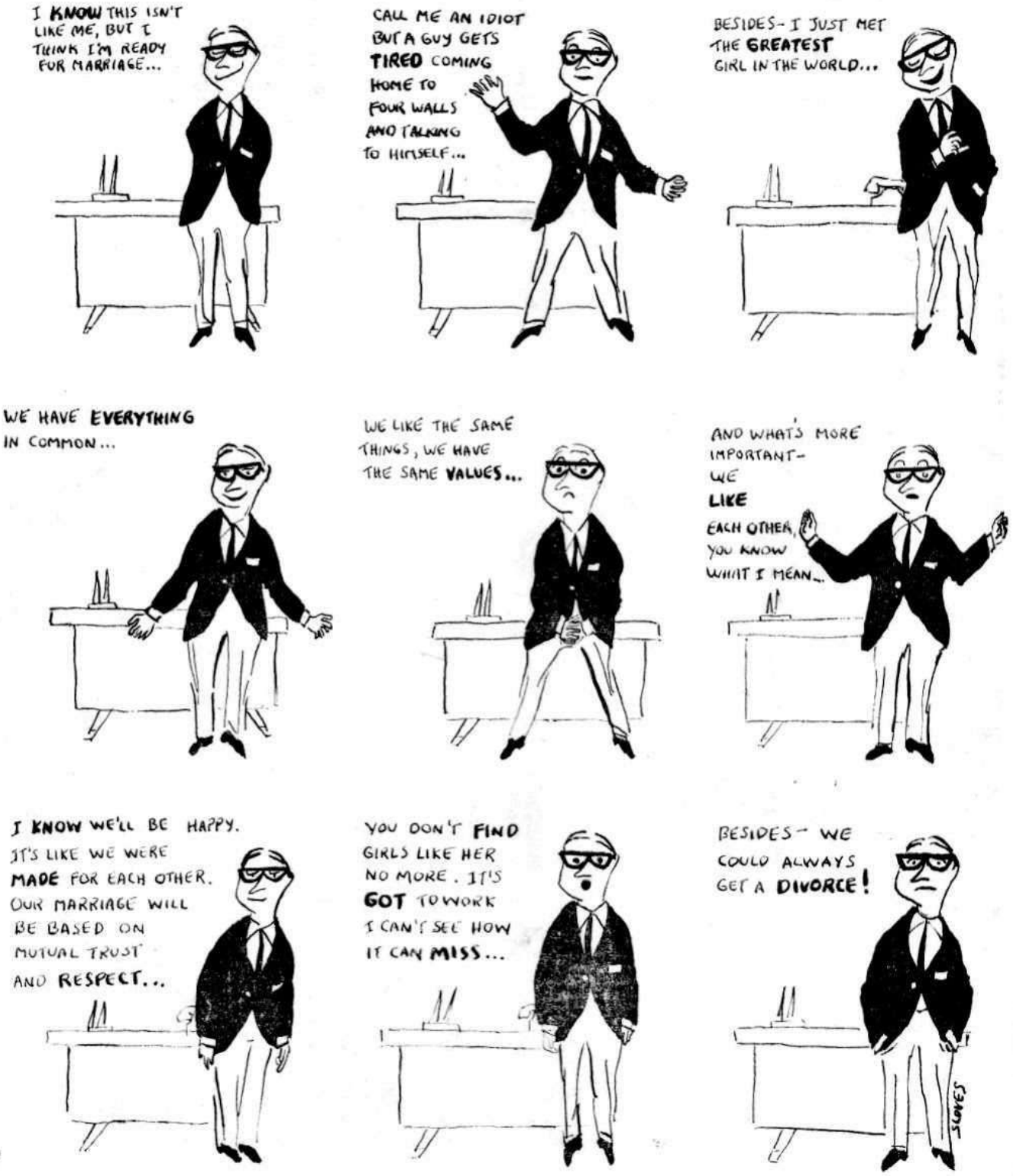
"By Jove, Watson, what an odd design for a rug!"

"Who'd ya expect—Pretty Boy Floyd?"

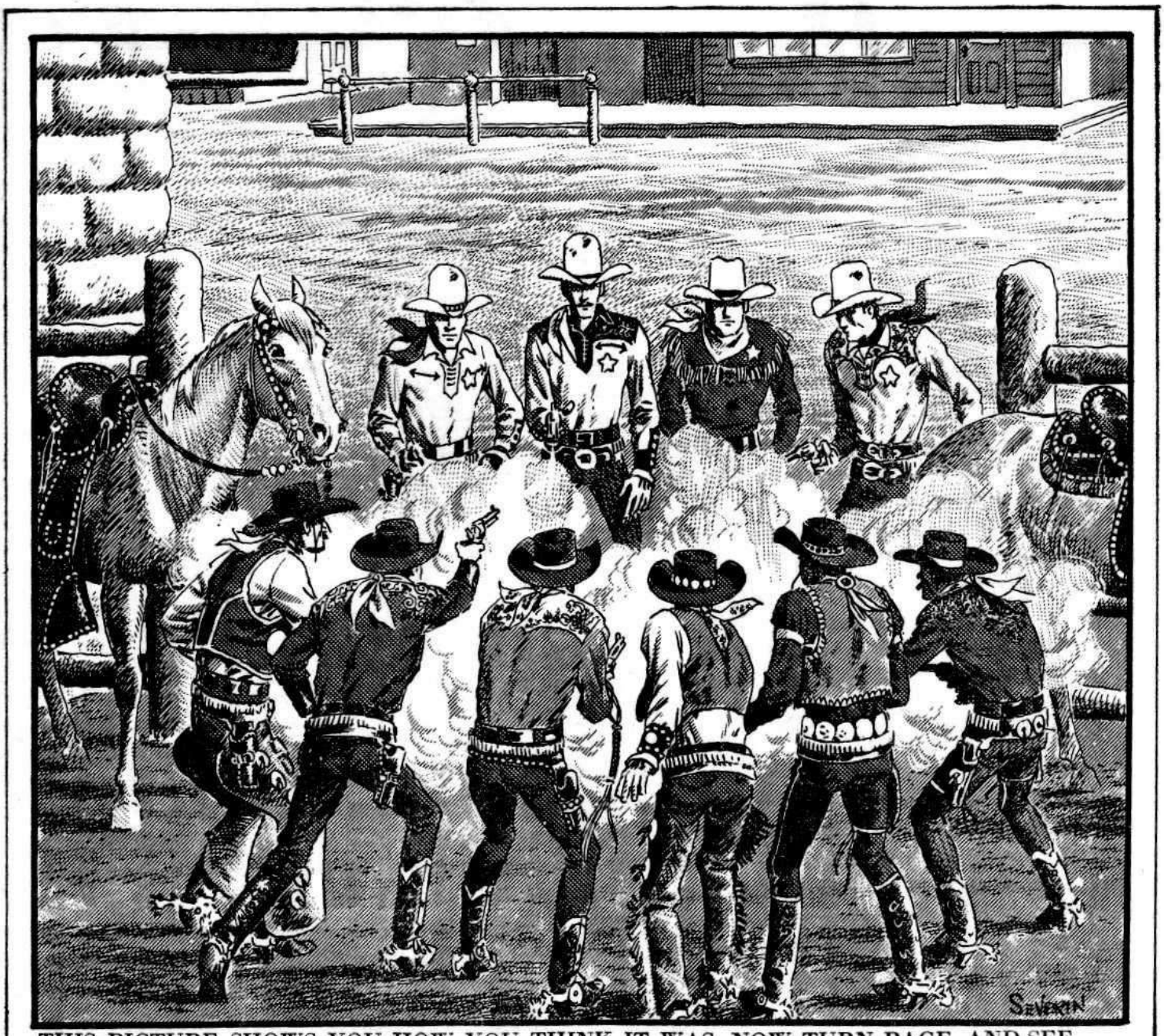
A CRACKED PROFILE

THE RATIONALIZER

SECOND IN A SERIES OF PORTRAITS OF MODERN MAN

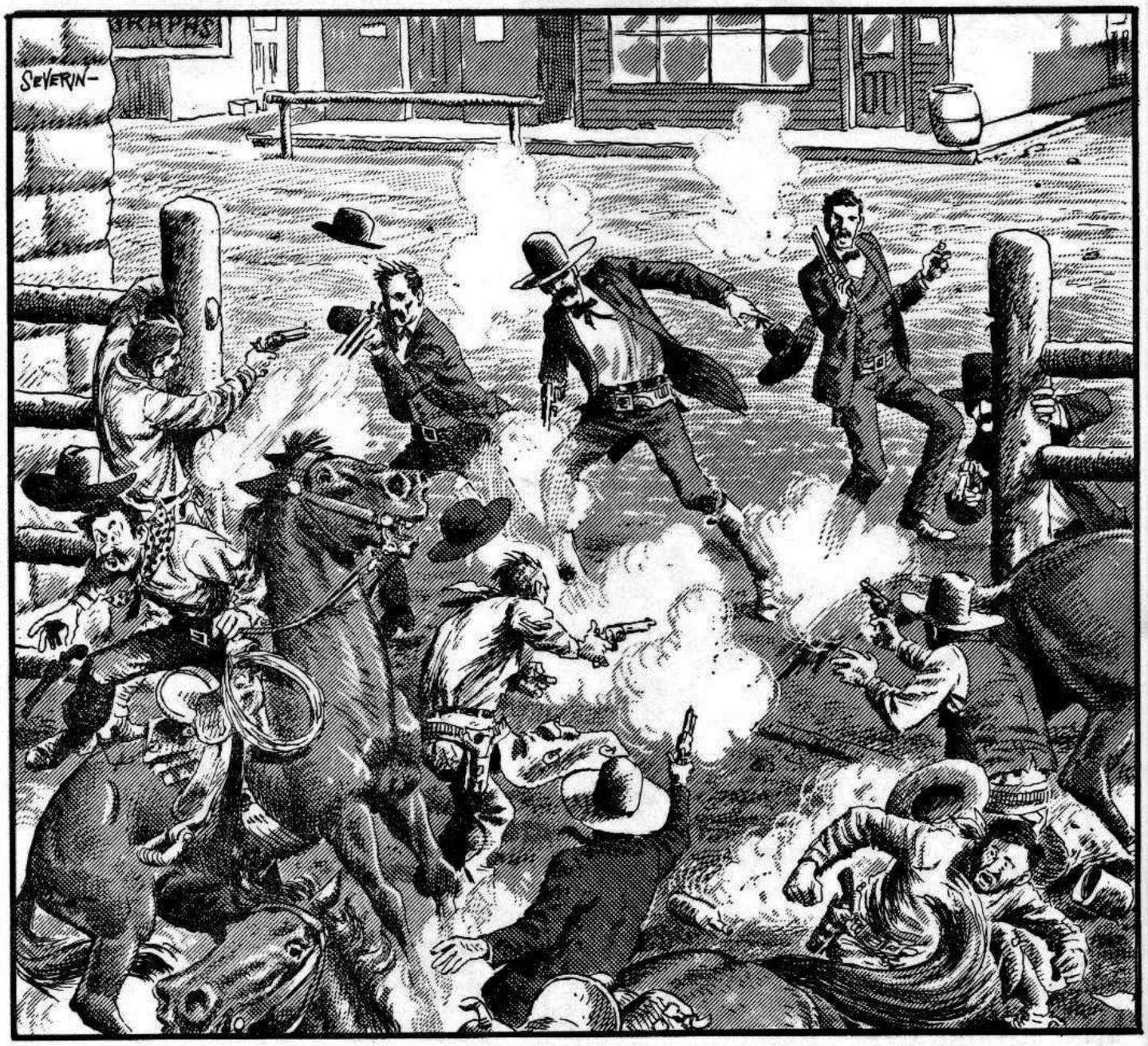


GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL



THIS PICTURE SHOWS YOU HOW YOU THINK IT WAS. NOW TURN PAGE AND SEE . . .

HOW IT REALLY WAS



REQUEST DEPARTMENT

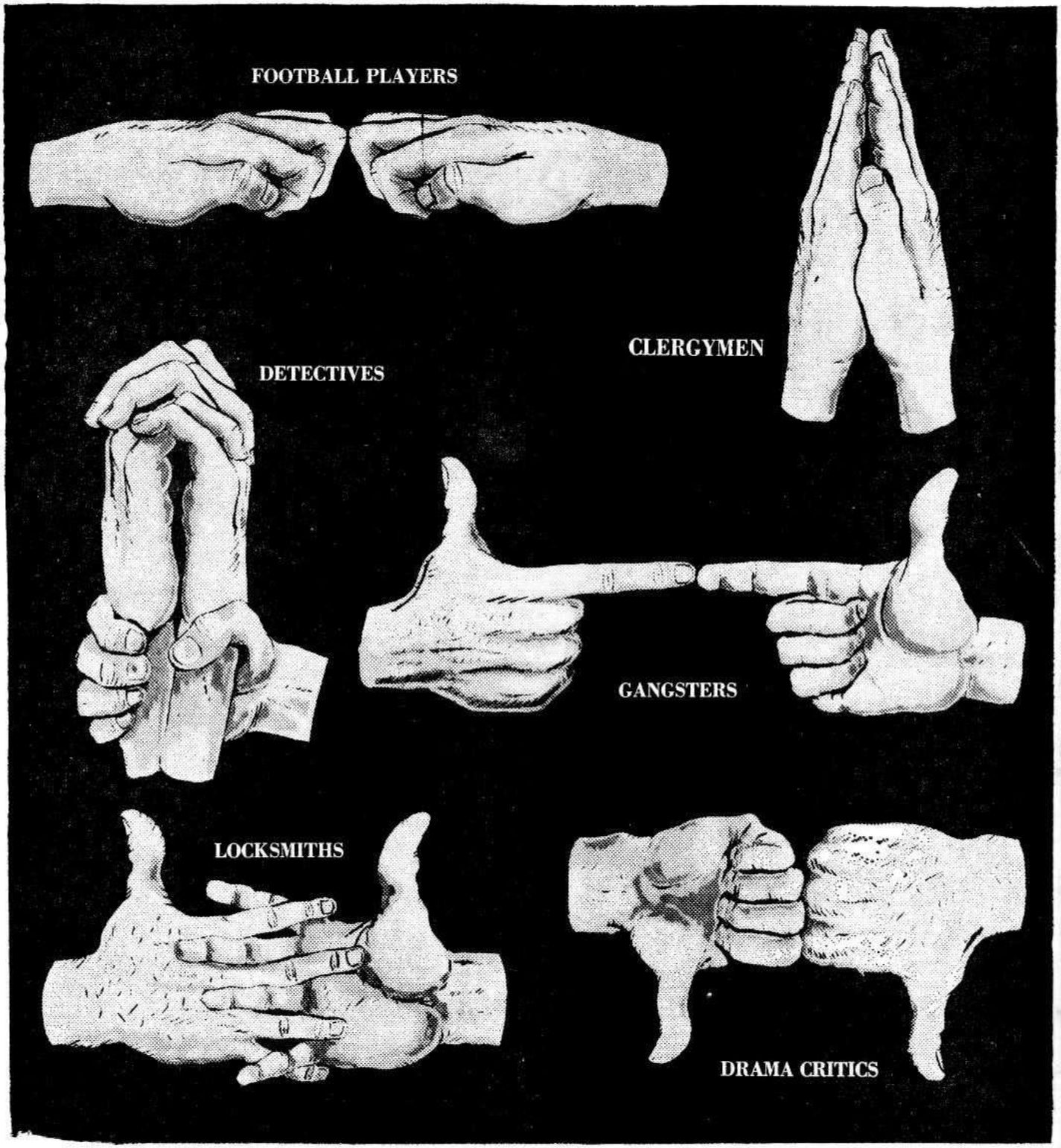
ONCE AGAIN WE REACH INTO OUR GIANT WASTE-PAPER BASKET IN THE CRACKED PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT TO BRING YOU PAGES FROM FORMER ARTICLES THAT DID NOT GET INTO PREVIOUS ISSUES OF CRACKED. THIS IS IN ANSWER TO HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM READERS WHO HAVE REQUESTED ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES OF SOME BRILLIANTLY DONE ARTICLES. THIS IS ALSO IN ANSWER TO THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM READERS WHO HAVE FELT THEY WEREN'T GETTING ENOUGH FOR THEIR MONEY. THIS IS MAINLY IN ANSWER TO MILLIONS OF LETTERS FROM READERS WHO HAVE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF CRACKED AND AREN'T AT ALL FAMILIAR WITH THE ORIGINAL ARTICLES — SO THAT WE CAN NOW BRING YOU SOME MORE . . .

PAGES THAT DIDN'T GET INTO CRACKED

THIS ARROW FAILED TO APPEAR IN ISSUE No. 7

What happened to the old-fashioned handshake? Like it doesn't make it any more. Today the hip way is to quickly brush the palm with a patting stroke. This got us to thinking. Suppose other people had different handshakes just to fit them, like these . . .

HANDSHAKES OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE



One of the biggest box-office attractions in Hollywood is the life story picture. This is because true lives are always more exciting than fictionalized ones. And so we figure producers might cash in on this appeal and also do a tremendous educational service to the whole country by presenting, with the usual sensationalism, these . . .

HOLLYWOOD LIFE STORIES
. . . from the pages of history

Now for the first time come the sensuous story of a tormented man and the strange forbidden secret he found locked in the mind of an hysterical woman. . .

The LIFE of SIGMUND FREUD

Into the deep, murky recesses of her mind he probed—deeper than anyone had ever gone before. . .

He tried to help her but she fought him tooth and nail...

Out of her mind with passion she was like a tiger. . .

THE SCANDAL THAT SHOCKED A NATION

TROY DONAHUE
as the dashing Siggie

SANDRA DEE
as the hysterical Anna

F. CASTRO
as the ridiculous couch

AND INTRODUCING 26 OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST NEUROTIC STARLETS

children under 16 not admitted unless they pay at the box office

---

From out of the Wild West came the first man to tame it, the man they called . . .

PLATO THE KID

A Republic Picture

KOOKIE BYRNES as ARISTOTLE
A legend in his time, he had the fastest mind in the west.

TAB HUNTER as SOCRATES
Thrown in the hoosegow, he defied the lynching mob.

PABLO PICASSO as LORENZO
The greatest artist in the west, nobody could outdraw him.

WALLY COX as ALEXANDER THE GREAT
Driven by lust, he cleaned up the whole town singlehandedly.

his dialogues drove women mad!

NOMINATED FOR AN AWARD BY THE ACADEMY

SEE
- GUNFIGHT AT THE ATHENIAN CORRAL
- THE AMBUSH AT PELOPONESIA
- STAMPEDE OF GRECIAN HORSES
- THE WILD STAGECOACH RIDE AROUND THE PARTHENON

THE GREATEST MUSICAL EVER MADE!

NGN*
PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE ALBERT EINSTEIN STORY

In Muzak Color With Stereotyped Sound

HEAR THESE TUNES

I Got Both Time and Space For You Baby
E-MC², Blues,
Nuclear Fission and All That Jazz
. . . and many other gay favorites

SEE THESE STARS

Phil Brito, Molly Picon, Lanny Ross, Nino Martini,
Ginny Simms, Kenny Baker, Jessica Dragonette, Alvino Rey,
Gus Mancuso, The Whistler and Shep Fields and His Rippling Rhythm

starring
BOBBY DARIN as ALBERT EINSTEIN
AND AN ALL-STAR CAST

*No Good News

GIRLS • GIRLS • GIRLS

Today nearly all of our literary classics are available to the American public because of the ever-growing paperback book industry. To appeal to the great masses however, publishers have had to resort to lurid and sensational covers to sell these books. The situation becomes a little ridiculous when it hits our most sacred NON-FICTION works and we get these . . .

MIXED-UP POCKET BOOKS

SENSATIONALISM IN OUR CLASSICS

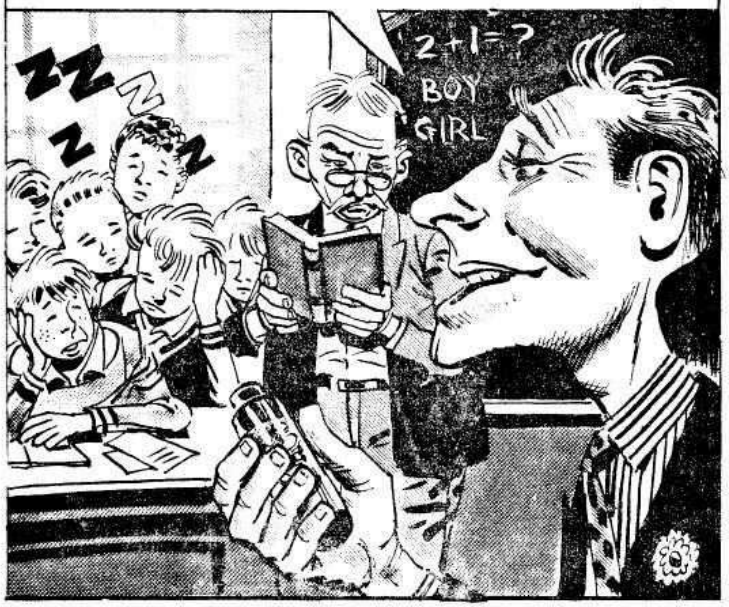
With Madison Avenue growing more and more powerful as a manipulator of the human mind, we feel that it won't be long before they take over the whole country and we begin to see . . .

COMMERCIALS in real life

Will Hamlet ever learn the secret of his father's death? What of the ghost in the castle? We'll find out the answer to these and other gripping questions, but first—I'd like to tell you about a wonderful new all-purpose product by Prokter and Gambel called BLECH. It washes your clothes, cleans your teeth, scrubs your woodwork and cures your heartburn. Furthermore . . .

We pause briefly during this dance set for a word about your breath. Folks—do you have that nice to be near mouth odor? Is your breath kissing sweet? To make sure, try POOF — the new spray toothpaste that massages as it cleans. Try POOF — it takes your breath away. O.K., boys, a-one, a-two . . .

Students, do you suffer from fatigue? Are you nervous and irritable? Unable to keep your eyes open during class? Try PEPTO DISMAL, especially designed to give your whole body a new lift. Yes, you'll get up and go with PEPTO DISMAL. Now back to our lecture on Advanced Calculus . . .



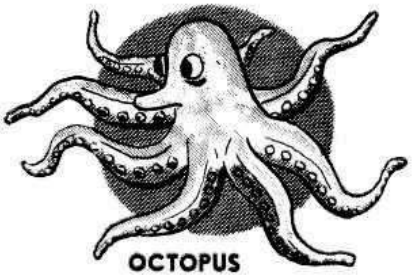
In a moment we will pull the switch. But before we do—here's a word about SQUAT, the new do-all seat covers built for comfort and endurance. . .

No. 679 SPOOK HAND

A natural-looking rubber hand that can be attached with tape or tacks to closets, doors, etc. This creates frightening illusion of a hand opening a door. Becomes more frightening if hand opens wrong door.
Only **$2.00**

BALL AND CHAIN

Complete outfit consisting of 4½ inch black plastic ball attached to a chain and leash with lock and keys. You'll go over with a big bang—especially if you're walking down the stairs at the time.
Only **$2.00**



OCTOPUS

Measuring a hefty 5½ by 1½ inches big, this real-looking sea monster can easily be hung in cars, offices, anywhere. Tho made of rubber, it will fool almost anyone—except maybe another octopus.
Only **$1.00**

SHOOTING FIRECRACKER

Standing 4½ inches high, it looks just like a real firecracker with fuse and everything. Hidden on the bottom is a special mechanism that, when picked up, will explode with a bang. Your friends will really go to pieces over this one.
Only **$1.50**

TRICK RUBBER BASEBALL

An authentic-looking baseball, but it bounces cockeyed and is impossible to catch. You'll amaze everybody when you throw it in the next game—especially if it's not baseball you're playing.
Only **$1.00**

SHOOTING FOUNTAIN PEN (ADAMS MAKE)

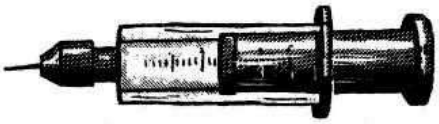
Very simple to operate. Just load it with a cap and Boom! It explodes with a bang. If you keep it in your breast pocket—YOU will explode with a bang.
Only **$1.00**

GIANT CIGAR

The world's largest cigar, this plastic-made stogie measures 9 inches long by 1¼ inches thick. A great gag, it looks so real you practically smell it. The gag, that is, not the cigar.
Only **$1.00**

POP-UP TIE

Also known as the roll-up tie, this charming creation will cause everybody to stop and gasp—including you if it gets wrapped around your throat.
Only **$1.00**

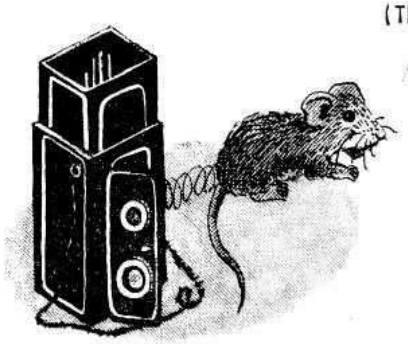


HYPO-PHONY

A real-looking hypodermic needle, it appears to draw real blood. A very funny gag—except if it happens to be your blood it's drawing.
Only **$2.50**

SPECIAL INSTANT MERCHANDISE

(THAT WILL TAKE YOU **YEARS** TO LIVE DOWN!)



SNAKE-RAT BOX CAMERA

Camera measures 2 by 4 inches big and contains a strap and everything that goes with it! When lever is touched, a snake-rat will jump out. When snake-rat is touched, camera might jump out—so be careful. Only **$1.50**

RUBBER STUMP

Just picture yourself wearing this tough-looking stump and impressing friends that you have no hand. But you may find yourself without a head if friends aren't impressed. Only **$2.00**

THREE-STOOGES WIG & HAT COMBINATION

A comic accessory combining the crushed stooge hat with the curly wig. You'll FEEL like a stooge. You'll LOOK like a stooge. Mainly you'll BE a stooge if you buy it. Only **$3.00**

DAVY CROCKETT FUR HAT

A genuine fur hat with long fur attached. This is the authentic headpiece our pioneer heroes wore to win the West. Only **$2.00**

GIANT RATTLESNAKE

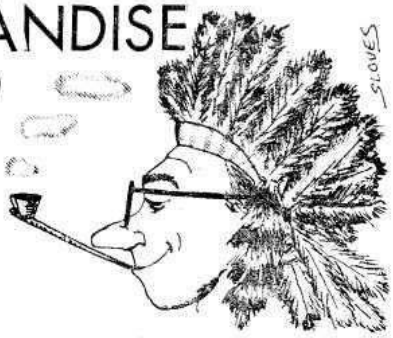
Very authentic and scary looking, this rubber monstrosity measures a big 32 inches long by 1¼ inches thick and can wrap itself all around you. Great fun—but stay out of bars. Only **$4.00**

DEVIL'S RUBBER HAT

The Devil himself would be proud of this rubber hat with protruding horns that fit so snugly on head. Can be worn anywhere. If not, people will be glad to tell you where to go. Only **$2.00**

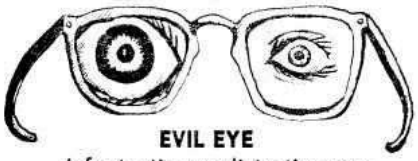
X-RAY TRICK CARDS

Comes with a full 52 cards to the deck, only any card selected can be detected at will. Complete with instructions—except on how to make a fast getaway. Entire deck of cards for only **$2.00**



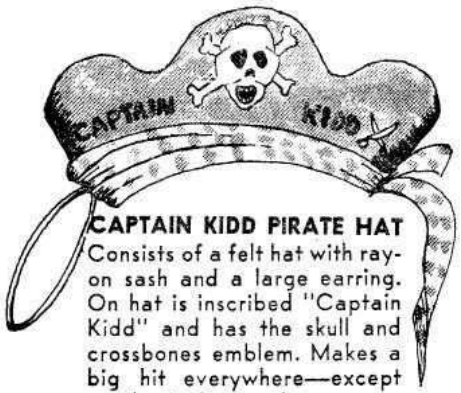
INDIAN CHIEF HEADDRESS

Comes complete with full assortment of colorful feathers, tails and fur pieces with its trailing tails. You'll look like a real brave—which you gotta be to wear it. Only **$4.00**



EVIL EYE

A fantastic eye distortion consisting of one large and one small eye in a pair of funny goggles. Now you too can see the world as Laurel and Hardy did. Only **$2.00**



CAPTAIN KIDD PIRATE HAT

Consists of a felt hat with rayon sash and a large earring. On hat is inscribed "Captain Kidd" and has the skull and crossbones emblem. Makes a big hit everywhere—except maybe in Portugal. Only **$1.00**

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR INSTANT ITEMS

CRACKED FUN SHOPPE
45 WEST 45 STREET
NEW YORK 36, NEW YORK

I am enclosing $.....for instant items checked below:

Spook Hand	$2.00	Davy Crockett Hat	$2.00
Ball and Chain	2.00	Rat Box Camera	1.50
Octopus	1.00	Giant Rattlesnake	4.00
Shooting Firecracker	1.50	Indian Headdress	4.00
Trick Baseball	1.00	Rubber Stump	2.00
Shooting Fountain Pen	1.00	Devils Hat	2.00
Giant Cigar	1.00	Evil Eye	2.00
Pop-up Tie	1.00	3 Stooges Hat	3.00
Hypo-Phony	2.50	X-Ray Cards	2.00
Captain Kidd Hat	$1.00		

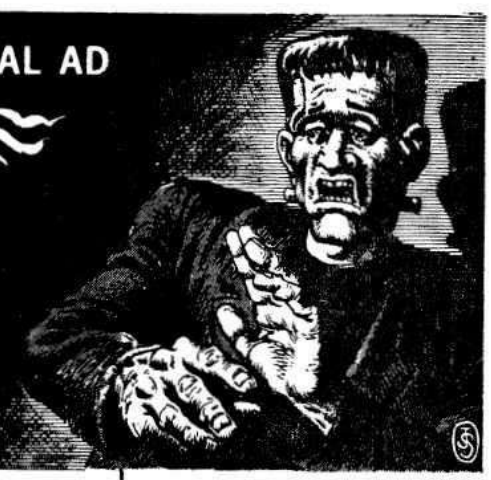
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

HORROR HOUSE

REAL AD



SCARE YOUR FRIENDS, SCARE YOUR ENEMIES, SCARE YOU. SEND FOR YOUR FAVORITE HORROR ITEMS.

HORRIBLE HANDS $3.00

A right and left. It's made of rubber and looks realistic. Become sociable and shake hands with everyone. Results are startling. Just make sure you can run.

only $3.00 per pair.

DO YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU UGLY?

WEREWOLF Gruesome to behold. $3.00

... If they don't, make sure they will with these Horror-House-All-Rubber face masks.

$2.00

SHRUNKEN HEAD

Looks absolutely real. Tell your friends you picked it up on your last safari. Give it a nickname and take it with you wherever you go. Lots of fun with this one.

only $2.00 ea.

$1.00

BLACK WIDOW SPIDER

A real horror. But what fun! Some people will say, "What a sense of humor." Some people will say, "I'm gonna punch him right in the nose." But it's well worth it.

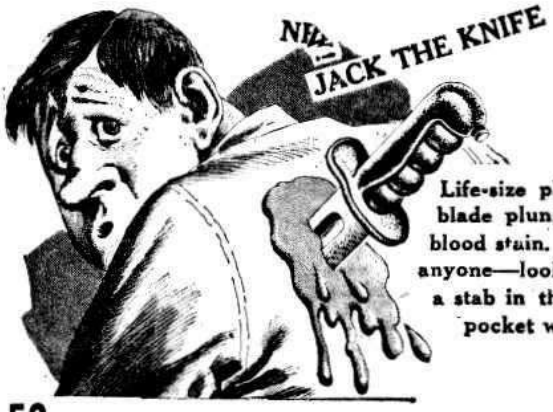
only $1.00 ea.

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER Horrible to behold.

$3.00

PLUS THESE OTHER HORROR HOUSE MASKS:

WITCH, MAN-FROM-MARS, MONSTERS-FROM-MERCURY, VAMPIRE, HORRIBLE-MONSTER, SKULL, GORILLA. only $3.00 ea.



Life-size plastic dagger with flashy blade plunged into gory, dripping blood stain. Clips on like badge to anyone—looks like they've just gotten a stab in the back. Folds up to fit in pocket when not in use. Only $3.00

I am enclosing $_____ for the HORROR HOUSE items checked below: HORROR HOUSE 45 W. 45th ST., N.Y.C.

RUBBER MASKS

- ☐ BLACK WIDOW SPIDER
- ☐ HORRIBLE HANDS
- ☐ SHRUNKEN HEAD
- ☐ JACK THE KNIFE
- ☐ WEREWOLF
- ☐ DEVIL
- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER
- ☐ ZOMBIE
- ☐ WITCH
- ☐ MAN-FROM-MARS
- ☐ MONSTER-FROM-MERCURY
- ☐ VAMPIRE
- ☐ HORRIBLE-MONSTER
- ☐ SKULL
- ☐ GORILLA

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EXTRA SPECIAL BONUS

Just cut out these mis-matched covers, paste them over the real ones, and impress friends that you've been all over the place. Only make sure friends don't get a closer look or you'll really be all over the place when they clobber you for flashing these . . .

CRACKED CUT-OUT PASTE-ON MATCHBOOK COVERS